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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2190.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1898.
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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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THE PERILS OF THE DEEP.

RESCUING THE CREW OF THE STEAMER "IRON CLIFF," WRECKED OFF THE GOVERNMENT BREAKWATER, CHICAGO HARBOR.

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 10, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy — $4 00 a Year, in Advance
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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
New York City: Franklin Square
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

IT is reported that the President intends to appoint Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE as ambassador to England. Whether it is Mr. CHOATE or Mr. ROOT who is finally selected, the appointment will be in every way worthy of the recent traditions of the office. We are quite sure that the prestige of our English mission, established so brilliantly by Mr. LOWELL, Mr. PHELPS, Mr. BAYARD, and Mr. HAY, will not be diminished in the slightest degree by either of the gentlemen, whose appointment, it is said, would be agreeable both to the Republicans of the State and to the President.

SECRETARY LONG'S report referring to the conduct of Admiral SCHLEY at Santiago contains a despatch which was naturally not part of Admiral SAMPSON'S report, but which is nevertheless of great interest. It is a despatch from Admiral SCHLEY himself, announcing that he was sorry that he would not be able to obey the order of the department and remain at Santiago, and that he was about to go to Key West for coal. Subsequently it has turned out that Admiral SCHLEY'S defence is that he did not go to Santiago, and did not maintain the blockade after he got there, because he was short of coal, and was afraid that he would fail if he attempted to supply his deficiency by coaling from his collier. In other words, he was going to leave CERVERA at liberty to escape from Santiago and to go where he would—that is, where he could do the most damage to us—because he was afraid he could not do what afterwards he actually did succeed in accomplishing.

WE have insisted, it appears, upon the cession of the Sulu Islands in addition to the group properly known as the Philippines, and Spain has agreed. Technically, no doubt, we were entitled to make the demand, and it was one about which no great reluctance was to be apprehended on the part of Spain. She had formally included them by proclamation in the adjoining group years ago, and although neither geography nor convenience endorsed the step, it was no hardship to compel her to abide by her own action. She could also well afford it, unless she intended to sell the islands to somebody else, for to her at least they were absolutely useless. No islands in all the oceans have quite so bad a name as the Sulu group. Occupied by savage tribes, and the chief haunt of the very worst class of pirates produced even by the Eastern Archipelago, they have long been a menace to shipping, and a regular cruising-ground for British men-of-war engaged in the protection of commerce. That duty will no doubt now devolve upon our own war-ships on the Philippine station, which are likely to find their duties no sinecure for a good while to come. After all it was perhaps well that if we were to become owners of a Philippine empire we should add the Sulus to our new possessions. Financially, and it may be otherwise also, we shall probably have cause to regret our policy, but it may be some satisfaction to know that our nearest neighbors will be the British in Borneo, and that the whole of southern China will be ringed by the island possessions of kindred peoples, who are agreed in the main features of their policy.

THE pamphlet containing Admiral CERVERA'S letters is in many respects a valuable contribution to the history of the late war. No more convincing illustration of the truth of the old proverb, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," could be supplied than may be found in the Admiral's letters. Absence of foresight, carelessness of warnings, unhesitating subscription to the policy of "mañana" in everything, are the characteristics of those in authority in Spain, and against these the unfortunate Admiral struggles in vain through a correspondence extending over years. The warning is not such as we can afford to disregard in this moment of the success to which these things so greatly contributed. The age moves quickly, and alertness of preparation is the condition of safety and success; and so long as warlike armaments are a necessity at all, it is necessary that they should be maintained in a state of efficiency. For us there is perhaps the additional warning not to think too highly of our overwhelming success against an enemy so helplessly unprepared for war as our late antagonists. We have heard much of heroes, perhaps somewhat overmuch, during the war now happily ended, it may be no bad thing to allow a little of our natural tendency to hero-worship to go out in the direction of the writer of the CERVERA letters, who, in the guise of a straightforward and unpretentious sailor, showed a quiet heroism in the performance of a duty which he knew to be a hopeless one when he undertook it. The heroes of the romantic history of old Spain have nothing to show more worthy of admiration than this.

SECRETARY LONG'S report asks for the construction of fifteen new vessels. This is the first instalment of expense since the beginning of the war with Spain necessitated by the policy of expansion, and if we go on it will be far from being the last. If we are to enter the lists of warlike and military nations, no one can object to the construction of fifteen vessels, and patriots who have the real interests of their country at heart will be eager for the completion of a big fleet as soon as possible. But why Monitors should have been recommended is a question which is puzzling all naval experts who have any knowledge of what happened during the last war, when the uselessness of these vessels was clearly demonstrated. They are of absolutely no value except for harbor defence, and there are better methods of harbor defence than they offer. In fact, we should say that when a harbor actually needs defensive vessels to supplement its fortifications the battle-ships of the navy would be on hand, unless the command of the fleet was in less competent hands than those which have just won our victories for us in the Pacific and in the Caribbean Sea. Every one who knows the navy and its needs will join heartily with Secretary LONG in urging upon Congress the passage of the personnel bill, and also the provision for rewarding officers who distinguish themselves in some other way than at the cost of their fellow-officers.

THE DREYFUS case came up during the week in a new way. A crowd of Dreyfusites, who seem now to be able to show themselves without danger of having their heads broken, visited the prison of the Cherche-Midi, where Colonel PICQUART is incarcerated, and consoled themselves and the victim of French military injustice by cheering to their hearts' content. Even the Chamber of Deputies broke out against the anti-Dreyfusites. M. POINCARÉ, a former Minister of Public Instruction in the government in which General MERCIER was Minister of War, announced that the first that he had heard of the conviction of DREYFUS was through the newspapers. This was confirmed by another Deputy, M. BARTHOU, who was Minister of Public Works in the same government. On the whole, it would seem as though France is awakening to the fact that a grave injustice has been done, and that the nation cannot stand up and confront its accusers, who charge that the army is punishing a man in the most cruel and inhuman way for a crime of which he has not been proved guilty. M. DE FREYCINET announced that the government would show the Cour de Cassation everything that did not relate to the national defence. This means that those who insist upon upholding the conviction of DREYFUS, without regard to HENRY'S confession and his forgery, are driven to the point of saying that they cannot make public the case against DREYFUS without disclosing the plans made for the defence of the frontier. But the answer to this is clear. If DREYFUS was guilty of revealing secrets of national defence either to Germany or to Russia, those secrets are already known, and no good can be obtained by concealing them, while much evil will always result from national injustice. In other words, the talk about national defence seems to be simply dissimulation and a way to avoid doing justice, just as the persecution of Colonel PICQUART is evidently a method of distracting public attention from the real offenders, who are now the government and the army.

TWO captains of the Seventy-first Regiment, New York State Volunteers, have made a statement concerning the conduct of some of the field-officers of the regiment at the battle of San Juan. The report is a severe reflection upon Colonel DOWNS and Major WHITTLE. Colonel DOWNS is said to have been in the rear of the regiment during the fight, and Major WHITTLE is practically charged with hiding behind shelter while his battalion—the first—went into action. Colonel DOWNS, it is said, even after the fight, had to be ordered to come to the hill and take command of his men. This report, which is published in the newspapers, is entirely contrary to military regulations, and the captains who signed it ought to be punished. The fact remains, however, that what they say of the conduct of their officers agrees with reports that have reached us from various sources; and there is no doubt that a general court of inquiry should be held, and, if necessary, courts martial should follow. This is an important matter. If we are to have militia in the active service of the United States in time of war, if the lives of troops and the welfare of the country are to depend upon the action of officers of the National Guard, discipline should be established and maintained, and cowards and incompetents should be cashiered. Such an example is essential for the good of the whole, and lest these things, if they happened at all, should be repeated in the future. We are not prejudging the case against Colonel DOWNS and Major WHITTLE, but we have ample reason for believing that the investigation should be had. We are sorry that it was not had by the United States before the regiment was mustered out of the service, for we believe that the general government's investigation would have been more thorough than any that the State will undertake, and that the punishment meted out to the guilty officers, if they are guilty, would be more nearly commensurate with the nature of their offence. The war has shown us, among other things, that the punishment inflicted by militia courts martial for serious military offences was nearly always inadequate. But although the regiment is no longer in the service of the Federal government, and therefore Federal discipline cannot be enforced, the State owes it to itself, to its Guard, and to the country that the charges made against the Seventy-first Regiment should be investigated, and that if Colonel DOWNS and Major WHITTLE, or any others, are guilty, they should be adequately punished.

AS was inevitable, Spain has yielded to the demands of the United States, and has surrendered the Philippines and the Sulu Islands. The Spanish commissioners protested that they yielded to superior force, which was treating an enemy unjustly and contrary to the spirit, at least, of the protocol. Certain as we are that the annexation of the Philippines is a mistake, we do not think that the United States has demanded any more than it had a right to insist upon by reason of its conquests. If we were a European power frankly engaged in the business of extension and colonization, the demand made by the administration would not have been objected to by any European power. We have never believed that there was any question for the United States to consider in this matter but its own good. The people of this country went into the war for the sake of humanity and after having long borne an intolerable nuisance at their very doors. At different times during the whole century the country has shown great patience, forbearance, and great kindliness towards Spain, and the Spanish government should not have made the late war possible. It is true that the Paris commissioners did not negotiate and had no power to negotiate, and that they simply insisted with the strong power behind them which made their insistence irresistible. Spain has no cause for complaint, Europe no cause for protest, and if anybody is injured it is the United States. The criticism that is indulged in by some of the European newspapers—the Spanish newspapers can be forgiven, on account of the losses their country has suffered — is intolerable. It is not true that we were dishonest or disingenuous in declaring that this was not a war of aggression. So far as the people of the United States were concerned, and so far as the politicians themselves who passed the Congressional resolution declaring that this was not a war of aggression were concerned, there was no idea, at the outbreak of the war, of adding to our territory or even of demanding an indemnity. We do not think ourselves that it was wise to take our new possessions, but the statement made in the Continental press of Europe, that we took these territories because we are land-grabbers and that we were not ingenuous in making the promise originally, is untrue. We are convinced that the administration took its final position in regard to the annexation of the Philippines because it thought that the best public sentiment, and especially the public sentiment of the churches, demanded that we take the Philippines, and, above all, that we should not give them back to Spanish tyranny and misrule. Whether the change was justified or not, the public mind had changed on this subject, and the annexation of the Philippines was as honest an expression of humane sentiment on the part of the American people as the war itself.

THE CONSTITUTION AND OUR COLONIES.

IN the issue of Harper's Weekly dated June 25 we commented upon the decisions of the United States Supreme Court on the subject of the powers of Congress over Territories. In the course of the article we quoted from the opinion of Mr. Justice Bradley, in a case involving the validity of the Edmunds anti-polygamy law, the following: "Doubtless Congress in legislating for the Territories would be subject to those fundamental limitations in favor of *personal rights* which are formulated in the Constitution and its amendments; but these limitations would exist rather by inference and the general spirit of the Constitution, from which Congress derives all its powers, than by express and direct application of its provisions." We added: "Justice Bradley moved forward a little along a line pointed out by Marshall, going beyond any decision that had theretofore been made by the Supreme Court; and while it may be that the Court will always find a reason for keeping Congress within the constitutional limitations, its recent history shows that it is equal to bold departures. It may therefore some day reach the point of declaring that there is no limitation upon the powers of Congress in its government of territories."

This prediction seems likely to be realized, if we are to suppose that Attorney-General Griggs represents any considerable body of legal opinion, or, for that matter, of popular opinion. He, at all events, is quite sure that the Constitution will have no application to the territories of the United States acquired by the war, beyond the grant to Congress to make only needful rules and regulations respecting the territory of the United States. In making those rules and regulations, according to Attorney-General Griggs, Congress is not bound by any of the limitations imposed by the Constitution upon the exercise of its power over the States. It is true that Congress has, in general, although not always, obeyed the Constitution in legislating for territory acquired from the original States, by conquest, or by purchase, and it has never attempted to deprive the citizens of our Territories of any of the fundamental personal rights which seem to be guaranteed by the Constitution. But the time is evidently at hand when a strong party in the nation will make a point of insisting that territories may be ruled by Congress outside of the Constitution, and even against the instrument which Mr. Gladstone declared to be the most perfect of human political institutions made at a single moment. It is not so long ago that this great instrument, for it is very great, was established and ordained. In the life of a nation the time that has elapsed between the days of the fathers and our own days is but an instant. Times have not so changed, men have not so developed, conditions are not so revolutionized, that the essential truths of the eighteenth century have lost their character in the nineteenth. What was true as a political institution in 1789 is true to-day, and this is recognized even by those who are contending that the Constitution will not apply to the Philippines, or to Puerto Rico, or to Hawaii, although it is impossible to believe that they still recognize the truths of the Declaration of Independence. The theory that all governments ought to exist by the consent of the governed has been dropped, but the belief holds that the Constitution did not establish a government capable of ruling over distant territories and alien peoples. Therefore it is that Attorney-General Griggs and other expansionists take the ground that the new colonies lie outside of the Constitution, and may be ruled without regard to its provisions, whether these limit the powers of Congress, define the jurisdiction of the courts, grant power to the President, or guard the rights of the individual.

The denial of the benefits of the Constitution to these distant islands is essential to the easy establishment of a new government for them, while preserving our domestic system. In no other way, for instance, can protection be maintained for the United States and free trade extended to the Philippines. Our official representatives at Paris have promised that the United States shall maintain the "open door" in the Philippines. There is only one meaning to this term. It does not mean, and cannot be made to mean, that the United States will collect in the archipelago, on importations from the home country, the same rates of duties charged on like goods coming from other countries to our home ports. That would simply mean not an "open door" at all, but the extension of the closed door, which is maintained here against foreigners, to the manufacturers and producers of the United States so far as the Philippines are concerned. No, the "open door" means free trade, and free trade, under the Constitution, must prevail everywhere throughout the United States if it prevail anywhere. Even the attempt to make matters equal in the Philippines by charging duties on goods entered from the United States could not succeed under the Constitution, for it would be a taxation of United States citizens in the Philippines not imposed on other citizens of the country, and the framers of the Constitution intended that the burdens of the United States government should fall uniformly on all its citizens; that no tax should be levied on the people of one part of its domain that was not levied on the people of every other part of its domain.

It seems to us to be beyond doubt that the policy of expansion will immediately be followed by the adoption of the policy of free trade, that expansion and colonization, if the laws of nature are to be overcome and the American white man is really to colonize the tropics, cannot possibly exist together. Even expansion alone, without colonization, must end in beating down the barriers which we have erected against commerce—barriers which have only been lately partially overcome by reason of the very abundance of our resources. In the mean time, however, we cannot rule these colonies under the Constitution, nor can we continue to rule them as conquered territory, under the military power, after they have once been annexed to the United States by the treaty which we may assume will be entered into with Spain—the treaty which has already been agreed to by her commissioners, but which has not yet been ratified either by our Senate or by the Spanish Cortes. Therefore, so far as they are concerned, we must shut the door everywhere, or open it everywhere, or else govern the new possessions without reference to the Constitution, the very instrument from which Congress derives its powers and its existence. It is to this last determination that the intelligent advocates of expansion have arrived. They declare that Congress is omnipotent; that it may do what it will in the Philippines, in the West Indies, and in Hawaii. Indeed, it has already enacted tariff legislation for Hawaii, which is invalid unless the Supreme Court sustains the point that the Constitution does not rule in these territories.

If the Constitution does not apply or does not rule, what power is the last resort? Congress, undoubtedly. If Congress possess the necessary two-thirds vote to override the President, it may establish governments for these distant islands in which the executive and judicial powers of the Federal authority will have no place. Even without such a vote, its will, perhaps, must be law, for to it alone is given the power to rule and regulate territory, and Attorney-General Griggs, and those who think as he does, may successfully contend that the President has not the power to veto an act establishing a fundamental government or legislation of any sort for a Territory. If they are right, then it follows that taxes and imposts collected in the Philippines and in other colonies need not be uniform with those collected at home. A despotic form of government may be established within the law. Even a king may be set up if Congress thinks well of kings for distant savages. The blessings of the writ of *habeas corpus* may not be extended to our subjects. The right to trial by jury may not be granted to them. Their houses may be searched at the will of any United States official, important and petty. They may be legally arrested without warrant, their liberty and property may be taken away from them without due process of law or without just compensation. They may be denied the right to bear arms. The forms of justice common to civilized lands may be refused them, and judicial functions may be lodged in the hands of the executive. We do not contend that the rights which Anglo-Saxons wrung from the king at Runnymede, and which are preserved as sacred in every American constitution, Federal and State, are to be bestowed carelessly upon barbarians, but we are simply pointing out that when our government was formed certain rights were regarded as fundamental and essential, and an equal as well as just rule was to be the central idea of the new republic. It is now discovered that the Constitution is incompatible with the government of colonies of savages, and naturally the effort is being made to evade or to destroy it, and to place absolute power in the hands of Congress. Practically, the question, as presented by Mr. Griggs, is, shall we beat the Constitution by interpretation, or shall we amend it frankly, if we can, and remain a constitutional power a little longer?

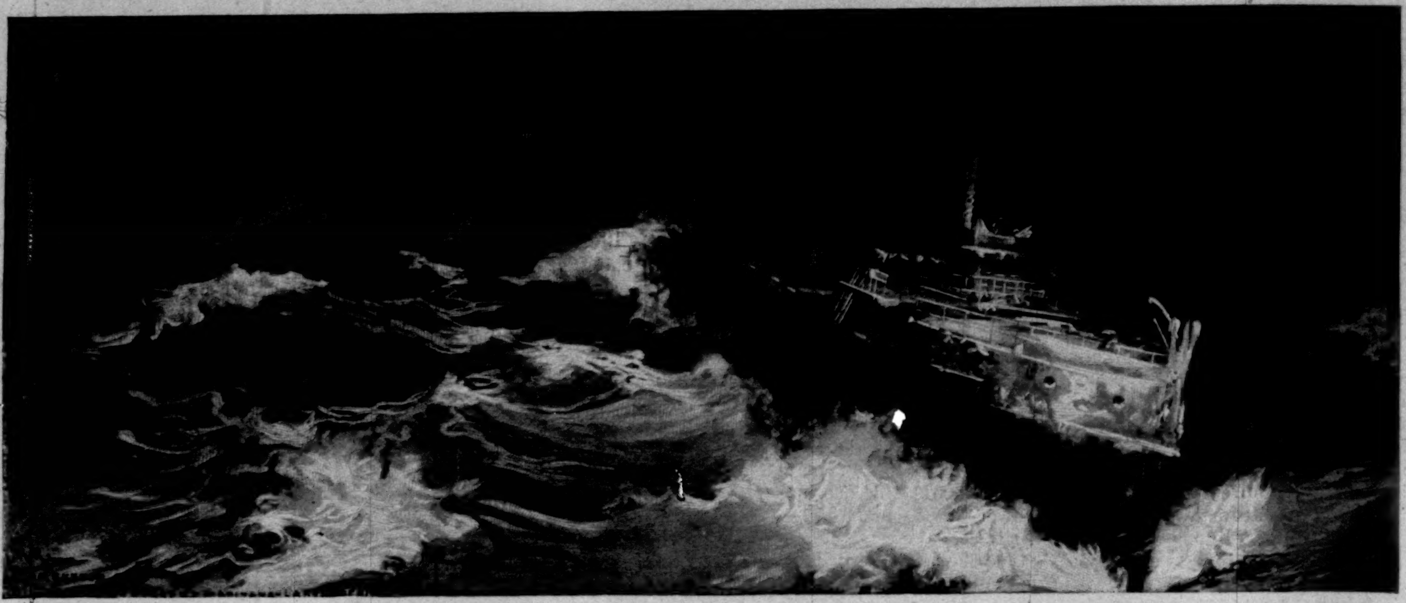
"FANCY" COLONIZATION.

A SURVEY of the existing European situation, and more specifically a survey of the existing Anglo-French situation, ought to be full of edification and reproof for sane and sober Americans. The reflection of such Americans must be, what a pity that we should have intruded ourselves into this maze of rivalry and intrigue! Particularly it is a pity that we should have thrust ourselves into it with so inadequate an equipment. It is not only that we have neither any legislative nor any administrative apparatus for maintaining "crown colonies," and that in making provisional preparations for their management the President is perforce acting much more like a Roman dictator, "seeing," in his own way, "that the commonwealth shall take no detriment," than like a magistrate whose powers are strictly defined and limited in one article of the Constitution of the United States. This defect might be overcome by the enactment of a matured scheme for the government of distant dependencies, coupled with a bill of indemnity for usurpation which was well meaning, however blundering. It might be thus overcome, that is to say, provided we had anybody competent to devise such a frame of government, and a national legislature sincerely intent upon enacting it when it was produced, with a single eye to the good of the annexed subjects and the annexing sovereign. Will anybody say that either of these requirements is fulfilled? And after a frame of government has been duly meditated and deliberately adopted, the crucial difficulty arises in the discovery and selection of the men who are to put it into practice. The very first requisite for this is the honest and single desire to find and to employ such fit men on account of their fitness.

The conclusion suggested by such a survey is thus the same which was suggested by Lord Salisbury's grave and anxious and much-discussed speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet. It is that to embark upon a "colonial policy" is a very serious matter, and for a nation that is not driven to it, like Great Britain, by hard necessity, is apt to be a foolhardy enterprise. It is out of the hard necessity of an expansion which to her has been a matter of self-preservation that England has plucked her colonial triumphs. A like national necessity has impelled the slow, glacial advance of Russia over Asia eastward, as it has impelled our own swifter advance over this continent westward. "The rest," one is inclined to say with Burke, looking at the recent tentatives of France and Germany in colonial acquisition—"the rest is vanity; the rest is crime."

But there is a more specific lesson to be learned from the colonial attempts and the colonial failures of France. It is that in this field mere sentiment is fatal and destructive—much more if it be a malevolent sentiment. More than a hundred years ago, and under a monarchy, which is a much more advantageous instrument than a republic for foreign acquisition, France had been fairly beaten out of the colonial field. She had been beaten out of India, she had been beaten out of Canada, and, later, Napoleon never had a wiser perception than that France "had no business" in Louisiana. Her colonial experiments under the present republic have by no means been made, as Lord Salisbury truly said the British advances had been made, for objects that were "strictly business." They have been made for objects that were strictly not business—to divert attention from domestic difficulties by achievements in distant regions, and largely for the purpose of annoying perfidious Albion. Hence it is that not one of the recent colonial enterprises of France has approached a business success. If a merchant whose objects were "strictly business" had carried the accounts of these colonies on his books, he would close them all by selling or giving away the subject-matter.

All this may seem to concern France alone. It really concerns us as much. The morals lie upon the surface, plain for us to read, and we are happy in not having paid by our own experience for the privilege of reading them. One of them is, not to take colonies unless you "can use them in your business." Another is to administer them with a strict eye to business, and if you cannot make them pay, to get rid of them. A third and most important is, never for a moment to make them an occasion of distraction from domestic questions, nor the subject of "a play to the gallery." A strict attention to business is compatible with the colonial aggrandizement of England, with the continental expansion of Russia, with the continental expansion of the United States. But it is not compatible with the fantastic acquisition and retention, as a matter of national vanity, of remote islands or mainlands, by the French or by any other republic.



BLOWING GREAT GUNS ON LAKE SUPERIOR.—Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.

SNOW-PLOUGH AND TROLLEY-CARS STALLED IN BOSTON.

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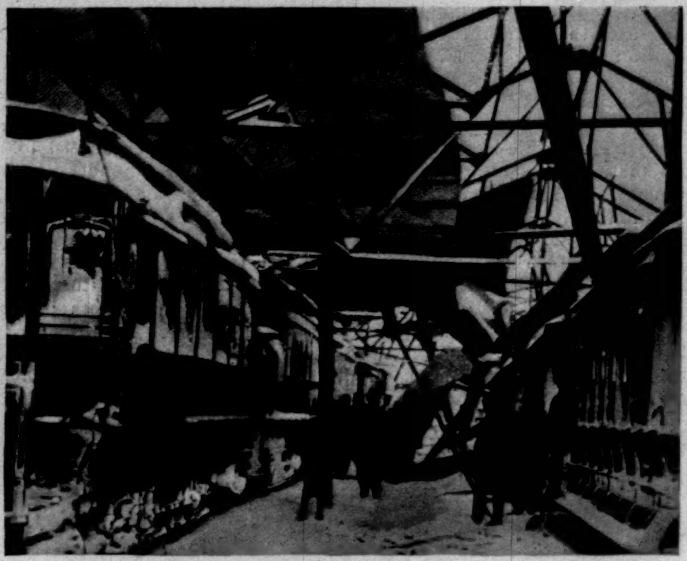
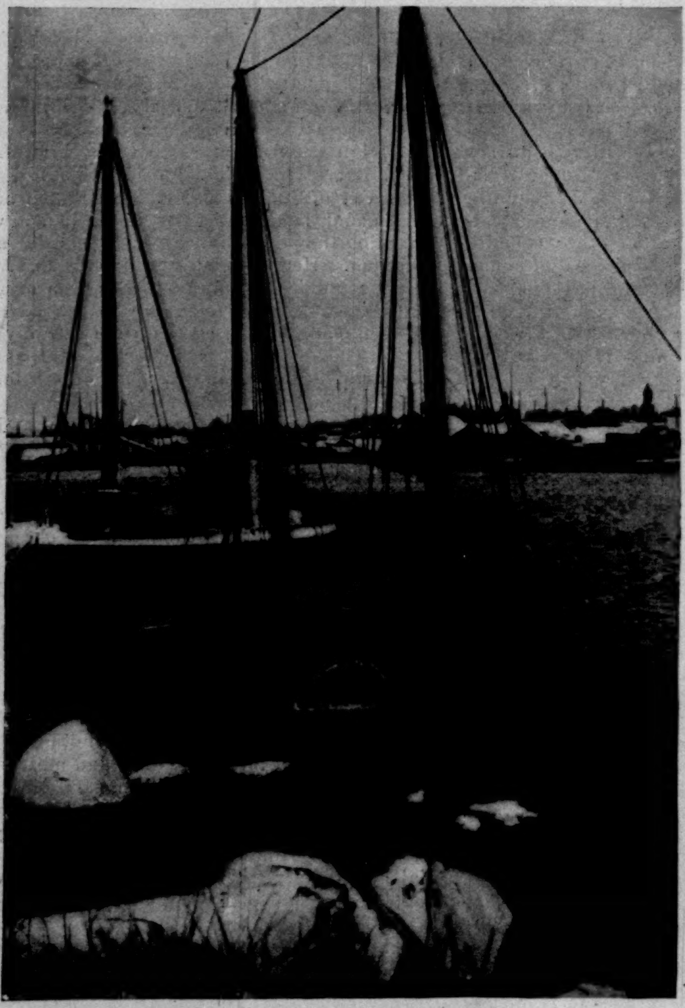


INTERIOR OF STREET-CAR-HOUSE IN GLOUCESTER AFTER THE STORM.



SCHOONER "JAMES DRINAN," WRECKED OFF ROCKY NECK, MASSACHUSETTS.

TREES UPROOTED BY THE STORM.

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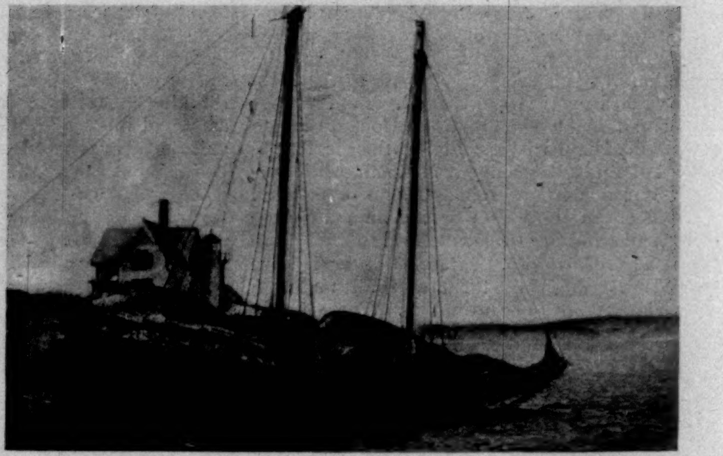
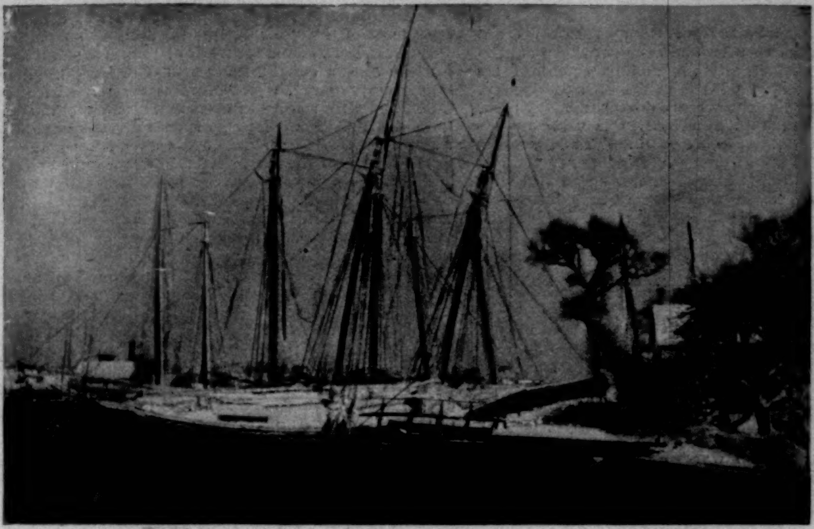
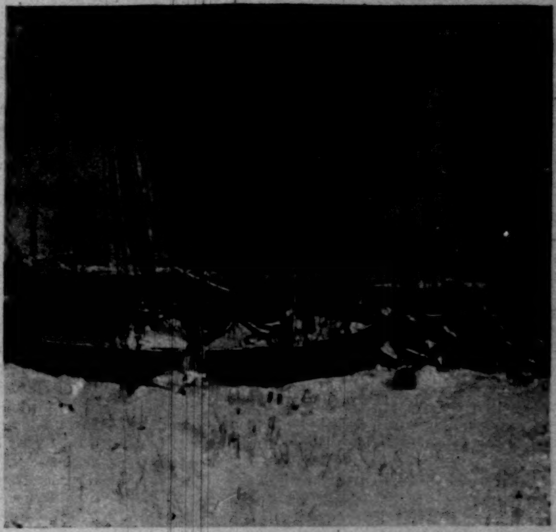


WRECKS ON TEN POUND ISLAND, GLOUCESTER.

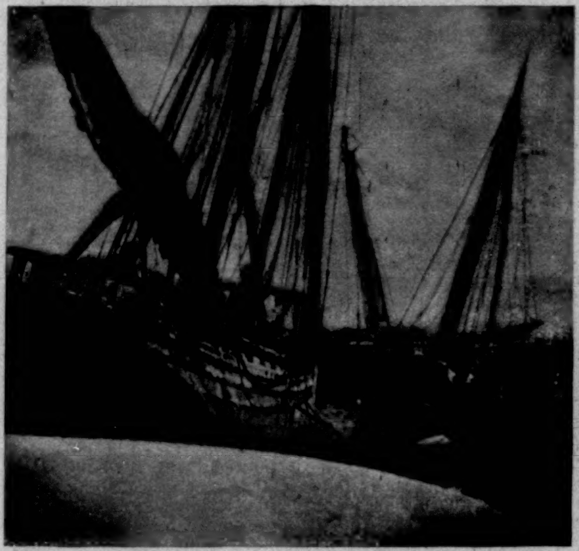
THE GREAT STORM OF NOVEMBER 26 AND 27—SCENES ALONG ITS PATH OF DESTRUCTION.—[See Page 1198.]



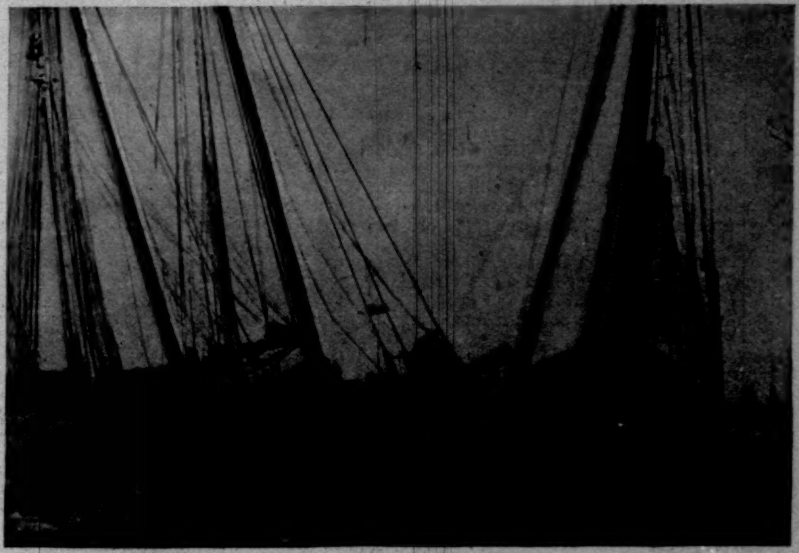
WRECKS AT EAST GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.



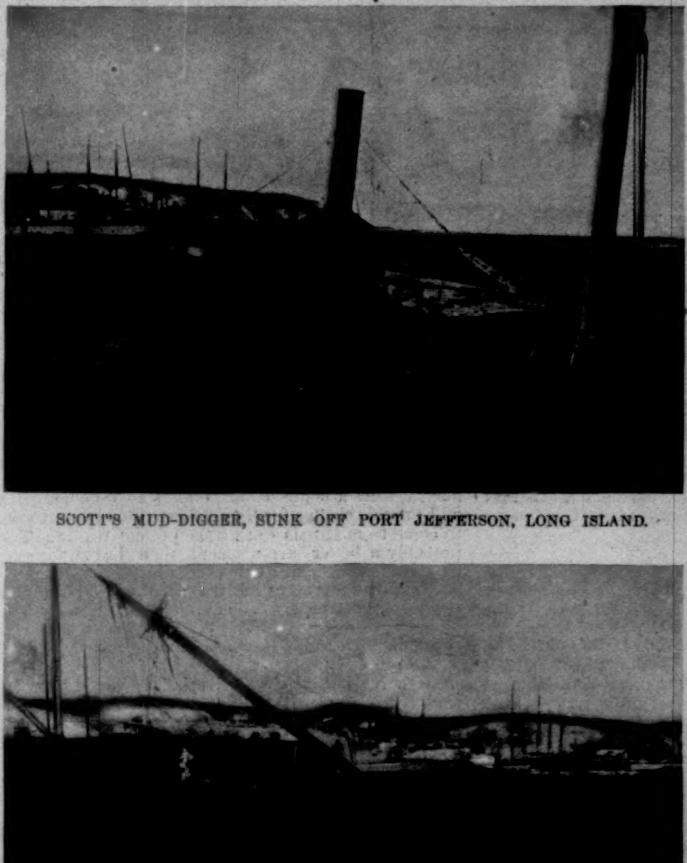
WRECKS AT GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.



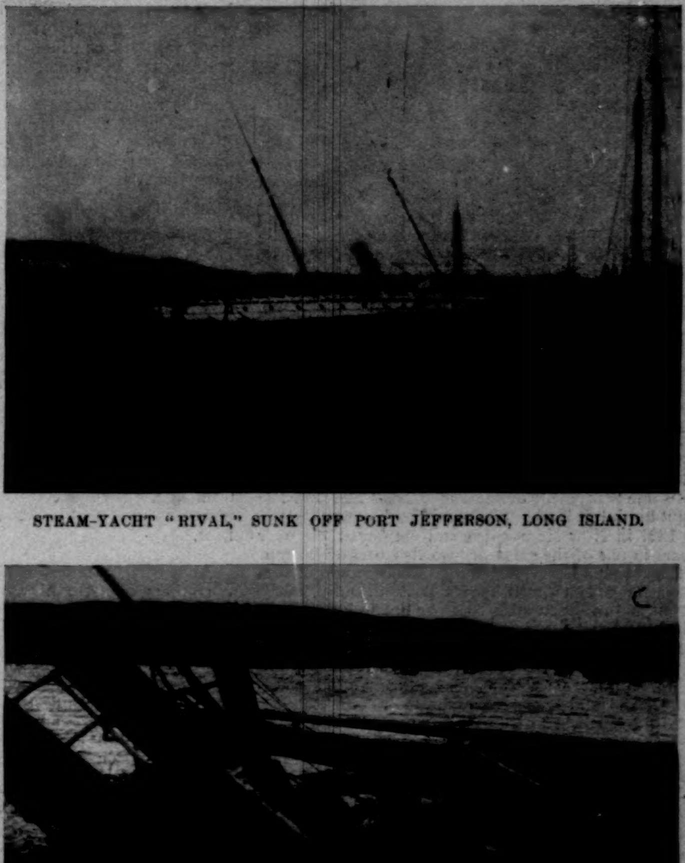
WRECKS AT GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.



WRECKS ON TEN POUND ISLAND, GLOUCESTER.



SCOTT'S MUD-DIGGER, SUNK OFF PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND.



STEAM-YACHT "RIVAL," SUNK OFF PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND.

SCHOONER "OLIVE LEAF," SUNK OFF PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND.

STEAM-YACHT "HALCYON," WRECKED IN COLLISION WITH SCHOONER "MARY E. CUFF," AT PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND.

THE GREAT STORM OF NOVEMBER 26 AND 27—MEMENTOS OF ITS HAVOC ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST.—[See Page 1198.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

It is well established as matter of history that ninety-nine-year leases do eventually run out. An occurrence of this sort threatens to disturb the status of the Plains of Abraham, at Quebec. The Plains were held by the government under a ninety-nine-year lease, which being now very near its end, there is an imminent prospect of the return of the property to the Hôtel Dieu (a convent), and the partition and sale of the land. What ought to happen is that the Dominion government should buy the Plains outright and keep them as they are. We Americans have an interest in their preservation, for they include the spot where Montgomery fell, as well as the spot where Benedict Arnold was wounded in the leg, and missed the greatest opportunity of his lifetime by not being killed in honest battle.

A good many colleges are fighting off taxes nowadays, but none, so far as heard from, with so much reason or so much method as Stanford University. At present the State of California gobbles up one-fourth of the university's annual income. Stanford feels that it ought to be exempt, but the only way to secure exemption is by procuring an amendment to the Constitution of the State. That is a troublesome matter in California, as in New York, and takes at least two years. Each branch of the State Legislature must pass the amendment by a two-thirds majority, and after that it must be ratified by the people at the polls. To accomplish this labor a tax-exemption club has been organized, which includes the students and alumni of Stanford, and all sympathizers with the movement. The club has a central executive committee which will carry on the work very much as a political campaign is carried on. It has already sent two emissaries through the State to interest legislators in behalf of the university, while a literary bureau works through the press of the State. The University of California, which is doubtless itself exempt from State taxation, is represented to be heartily in favor of the exemption of Stanford.

There has come to be a national pride and interest in the two great Californian universities, and thousands of Eastern readers who follow their rise and development with attention will rejoice to see Stanford get the reasonable relief for which she asks.

It may be recalled that at a certain stage of the battle of Manila, Admiral Dewey withdrew his fleet for breakfast. Breakfast at least has usually been held accountable for that pause in the fight. It is stated now that the real cause for drawing off was that the *Olympia* had only fifteen projectiles left for her big guns, and that as soon as the fleet got around the point, a new apportionment of ammunition was made, and then the fight went on. It is also stated that when the fight was over there were only thirty big-gun projectiles left. With these, and no more to fall back on, Admiral Dewey sat down and waited, the German Admiral, kind man, keeping him company, from the 1st of May until June 28, when the *Baltimore* arrived with fresh ammunition. A long strain on the nerves that!

Boston has lost a notable citizen in Colonel Henry Lee, late senior member of the banking firm of Lee, Higginson, & Co., who died on November 24. He was eighty-one years old, and in his long and active life had fully met the expectations of his somewhat critical fellow-townsmen. His family is one of high distinction in Massachusetts. He was graduated from Harvard in 1836, was a merchant trading with Calcutta until 1853, and after that a banker. When the civil war broke out he became a colonel on the staff of Governor Andrew, whose patriotic labors he earnestly supplemented and upheld. He was for several terms an overseer of Harvard College, was the originator of important business enterprises, and in particular was singularly blessed in being one of the original instigators and proprietors of the Bell Telephone Company. The Boston newspapers speak of him as Boston's grand old man, and say that in his appearance, as well as in the vigor of his old age, he reminded observers of Gladstone.

The Boston *Transcript* of November 19 has an obituary notice of a woman who must have been so interesting and unusual a person that it seems a matter of public obligation that some competent delineator of New England life should put her into a book. She was Miss Amanda Peavy, born in 1827 in New Hampshire, and employed for over forty years in one of the great dry-goods stores of Boston. Before that she had travelled abroad as companion to a lady who belonged to a well-known Boston family, and it came about, naturally enough, that she got to know more or less intimately all the Boston folks whose acquaintance was a social distinction. At Stearn's, where she was employed, she seems to have become an institution. Being in daily communication with a great number of acquaintances who liked and trusted her, she took counsel of St. Paul, and did her best to be all things to all women and some men. She took thought for old gentlemen who were her customers, and selected and sent home to them the sort of under-clothes that they ought to have; she met the sudden calls for mourning clothes, in the provision of which afflicted families so often need the intervention of a true friend; she was a high authority on bridal trousseaux, and was invited to all the fashionable weddings. Naturally she had early information about much that was going on, and it is amusing to read that her good offices were often enlisted to disclose engagements and other bits of social news which it was desired should leak informally into the public ear. It helps one to place her when we are told that she was of Scotch-Irish Puritan descent, that her great-grandfather was killed at Bunker Hill, and that her mother survives her at the age of 103.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, who has been doing two or three men's work these many years, announced in Plymouth Church on November 26 that he had been warned to moderate his labors, and had determined to resign the pastorate of Plymouth Church and consecrate his strength on the work of editing the *Outlook*. It is eleven years since Dr. Abbott became the successor of Henry Ward Beecher. The ties between him and the Brooklyn church have grown very strong, and the announcement of his resignation was received with lamentation and dismay. But when a thoroughly trustworthy doctor tells any man, as Dr. Abbott's doctor told him, that he is using up his vital energies faster than nature supplies them, there is nothing to do but to try to do less. Doctors are fond of telling that story to industrious men, and they tell it with the more emphasis because nearly every successful doctor seems to be doing the same thing himself. It is the practice of successful doctors, as of other successful Americans, to overwork themselves, until they come to grief and have to lay by for repairs.

Dr. Abbott is sixty-three years old. If he could do the work of six men for the next ten years, there would be no difficulty about providing him with six important and remunerative jobs. Men of his quality are scarce, and of those that there are a large proportion manage somehow to elude their obligation to be ministers of the gospel. When a bank president dies, the directors elect another at the next meeting. When a railroad president resigns or dies, there is immediately an active competition for the succession. When noted lawyers or doctors fall out of line, their practice distributes itself without fuss or serious inconvenience. But somehow when an eminent minister or a college president gives up his charge, real trouble follows.

There are some excellent situations vacant in this country just now. President Dwight's impending resignation sends Yale on the quest for a president; Brown and Amherst are already in the same field; we have no ambassador at London; the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church has found no successor as yet to Dr. Hall; and now Plymouth Church is leaderless. Only one of all these places is easy to fill, and as to that one the President seems to have protracted hesitations.

The will of the late venerable Edward Austin, of Boston, leaves half a million dollars to Harvard College, $400,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and divides $90,000 between Radcliffe College, Roanoke College, and the Tuskegee Institute, with the proviso that the income of all these sums shall be paid to "needy and meritorious students and teachers to assist them in the payment of their studies." There have been rumors of a possibility that the will may not stand, but if it does it will be interesting to learn what proportion of the testator's benevolences are applied to the relief of needy students and what to needy teachers. Harvard, for example, which already has very extensive funds for the assistance of poor students, could doubtless apply $25,000 a year to excellent advantage in amplifying the salaries of some of her professors.

That is a sorrowful story that Lieutenant Hobson tells, albeit one greatly to his credit, about the $50,000 that was offered him for a lecture course, which he felt obliged to decline. He reasoned that the only thing that made him valuable as a lecturer was the sinking of the *Merrimac*, a job done in the course of his duty as an officer of the navy, on the renown of which he had no mind to trade.

Undoubtedly he was right about it, though Piper Findlater would have decided differently. It is hard to say whether his case is better or worse than that of Colonel Roosevelt, who contracted last winter, doubtless at a moderate figure, to give eight Lowell lectures in Boston, and then hustled off to the war and back, and in one way or another made himself the most-talked-of man in America, and the most valuable as a lecturer. The colonel's flittings to Boston and back to keep his lecture engagements have abounded in adventure, and have amused the newspaper-reading public.

The Emperor William got home on November 26 from his journey to Palestine. He was in good health, and able to consider public questions, and to talk back on any subject. Various reasons are given for his failure to visit Spain, as at one time he seemed to have planned. It has been stated that he thought the time inopportune, on the whole, for a visit to Madrid; also, that he was constrained to hurry home to settle a matter of domestic statecraft; also, that the Empress was tired, and had had all the junketing that she could stand. Economy is nowhere given as a motive for his return, yet it might have been, if it is true, as one of the German papers states, that the Emperor's trip cost ten million marks.

The Daisy Fields Home and Hospital for Crippled Children, at Englewood, New Jersey, makes an ante-Christmas announcement that its funds were never before so low as now.

At this writing, a week after the great coast storm of November 26, it is still impossible to give an accurate account of lives lost or damage done. By far the greatest single disaster that the storm wrought was the loss of the side-wheel steamer *Portland*, which left Boston on Saturday night (November 26) for Portland with about 160 persons aboard. It has been stated that she went out contrary to the orders of the company's manager, who sent word to her captain to delay starting until the weather prospects could be definitely predicted. However that may have been, she started at seven o'clock, her usual hour. It is supposed that when the fury of the winter cyclone struck her, a few hours later, she was disabled. At any rate, she was blown to the southward, and sank with all on board, off Highland Light, on the south side of Cape Cod. A number of bodies came ashore, but there was no survivor of the wreck.

The storm strewed the New England shore with wrecks from Cape Ann to Cuttyhunk. Not less than sixty vessels were totally wrecked between those points, and nearly as many more were blown ashore, with small chance of getting off. Certainly 200 lives were lost; probably many more than that.

On shore the heavy snow-storm obstructed travel and caused immense inconvenience. The railroads between Boston and New York were snow-bound for twenty-four hours, and travel all through New England was greatly impeded. Communication failed very generally also on Long Island, many towns of which were still inaccessible on Monday. Luckily for all the railroads, Sunday's business is comparatively light, and there was a chance to open most of the roads in time for Monday's traffic.

In New York city a snowfall of unprecedented amount for the season caught the Street-Cleaning Department totally unprepared, with contracts for removal of snow unlet, and with a force of carts and men quite unequal to the situation. Few of the surface railroads were able to run on Sunday morning, though they all got going again in the course of the day. At this writing the streets are still full of snow banks, which make it difficult for vehicles to get about. Several inches of snow falling on Wednesday morning made conditions somewhat worse; but inconveniences and delays ashore seem of slight moment compared with the terrible havoc on the sea. While, as stated, the coast between Cape Ann and Cuttyhunk got the worst of the cyclone and shows the most direful collection of wreckage, there is scarcely a beach from Penobscot Bay to New Haven that does not show the bones of some craft. In and near Boston Harbor alone thirty-five vessels were driven ashore, and between thirty and forty men were drowned or frozen to death. Boston goes back as far as 1852 to find the record of a storm so destructive.

The death, on November 19, of John E. W. Keely, of Philadelphia, the author, though not the finisher, of the celebrated Keely motor, has caused a considerable sensation of bereavement among us who survive. Much game has been made of Mr. Keely; he has often been reviled as an impostor, and once he was imprisoned for contempt of court because he would not reveal the secret of his machine. Scoffers have railed and gibed at him; even his own stockholders have sometimes grown weak in the faith and pestered him with vain questionings as to whether there was really anything in the motor, and if so, what. But, so far as the world knows, Mr. Keely never either despaired or divulged, nor yielded in any particular to vulgar demands of any sort. He went on with his work, built and rebuilt machines, and astonished an occasional investigator by a great showing of mechanical energy. Finally he has died, but he has done so entirely at his own convenience, casually, comfortably, and at the respectable age of seventy-one; not a great age, to be sure, but one at which no man need apologize for dying. He died of pneumonia. It is reported that he left writings by which it may be possible for a successor to take up his work and perhaps carry his machine through to completion.

Mr. Keely began his industrial career as an upholsterer's apprentice. He became interested in music, and from watching a tuning-fork got the notion of power to be derived from the effect of sound vibrations on metals. He made many machines, and finally one that seemed to develop enormous power from no other cause than sounds made by a fiddle-bow. This machine was the nucleus of the Keely Company, which was started in Philadelphia in 1874, and provided Mr. Keely with funds to perfect his apparatus. Between that year and 1891 he is said to have made one hundred and twenty-nine unsuccessful models. In 1881, the Keely Company's funds running low, he found a stanch patron in Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, of Philadelphia, who built him a laboratory and paid him a weekly salary, on which he continued his experiments until he died. He is described as a hard-working, plain-living person, who earned his salary. His place as a raiser of expectations seems to have been much more than taken by Mr. Nicola Tesla, the eminent electrician, of whom we hear from time to time as predicting extraordinary new applications of electricity which are to turn the world upside down and change most of the conditions of existence.

There is talk of an invasion of Tibet, by the British, with a view to carry the frontier of British India up to the China line. The highlands of the country would make good summer homes for Britishers resident in India, and there may be other motives. The popular notion about the country is that hard knocks abound there more than other produce, and that it is an exceedingly good country to keep out of. More definite ideas about it are obtainable from Dr. Sven Hedin's remarkable book of travels, *Through Asia*, just issued by the Harpers.

It is, on the whole, something of a relief to learn that the aggregation of Russian peace-at-any-price peasants, called the Dhoukobortsi, whose story was told in a recent paragraph in the Weekly, are not to be brought to the United States, but are to test the hospitalities of our Canadian brethren in western Manitoba. The Dominion government, it seems, will give each family 160 acres of land, besides a bonus of six dollars to each person, and will provide shelter for the 4000 persons who are expected to come from Russia during the present winter. That is probably a better arrangement than Uncle Sam could have made for them. Our good uncle is no longer land poor and has few acres left that are worth taking up, and, besides, his attention is so engrossed just now by foreign missionary projects that it is doubtless best that he should not add rashly to his responsibilities at home.

To the suggestion that subscriptions would be welcome from Americans to the fund for establishing a Gordon memorial college at Khartum, response has been made by our Mr. W. W. Astor, of London, with a contribution of £5000. If Mr. Astor desires that his gift should be regarded as representative, no objection is likely to be made on this side of the seas, where General Gordon is very highly honored as a pious man and a heroic soldier. The impression that he has left in the minds of Americans is that his aims, beyond those of any British soldier of his generation, were for the spread of Christianity and civilization, and that the extension of the British Empire interested him only as an incident of the accomplishment of those greater purposes. As a people of sentiment, who wage wars of humanity, the Americans must rejoice to see Gordon's memory honored.

The great November snow-storm and subsequent condition of the streets of New York ought to be a valuable advertisement of the Waring memorial fund. On December 3 the amount of the subscriptions received was $60,053.

E. S. Martin.

DRAMA

Mr. Pinero of the Wells.

In "Trelawny of the Wells," with which Mr. Daniel Frohman's stock company opened at the Lyceum, Mr. Arthur W. Pinero gives a picture of London theatrical life in the early sixties. The Bagnigge Wells Theatre, from which *Rose Trelawny* takes her "addition," is in reality, as the programme intimates, Sadler's Wells, Islington. This theatre is famous for the fact that during those lean years of the drama it was the only home in England for our classics. The leading character in Mr. Pinero's play is one *Tom Wrench*, who is known to have been studied from Tom Robertson. *Wrench* is no less a poor devil of an actor than Robertson: one of the parts he is given to play is the part of a dragon in pantomime—"I'll not say which part of the dragon," as *Miss Avonia Bunn* remarks to him significantly. Like Robertson, *Wrench* is disgusted with the old convention of play writing and acting, and has set his heart on breaking through it with a play that is "true to life." *Wrench's* play is called "Life"; Robertson's play was "Society." The realism of "Society," "Caste," and the rest of Robertson's plays is nowadays somewhat faded, but in it is foreshadowed the spirit of the greatest of our modern dramatists. In writing "Trelawny," Mr. Pinero is paying homage to his literary progenitor, and at the same time portraying the men and women of the stage among whom he passed his youth.

The Progenitress of *Rose Trelawny*.

The original of *Rose Trelawny*—though the fact has not, to my knowledge, been pointed out—is without doubt the famous Marie Wilton. From childhood something in Miss Wilton's nature attracted her toward "the legitimate"; and finally, though she was so excellent in burlesque parts—cupids and other bad boys—that Dickens declared her the most intelligent and original actress he had ever seen, she founded the Prince of Wales Theatre, and produced Robertson's "Society." For the purposes of his play, Mr. Pinero has placed *Rose Trelawny* in somewhat different circumstances. A young gentleman named *Gower* falls in love with her, and to escape the life of the theatre she becomes engaged to him, and goes to live with his family in Cavendish Square for a period of "probation." Here she is bored and oppressed, and finally, in a rage worthy of *Paula Tanqueray*, she flies back to the old life. *Rose's* impulse toward truth and refinement in acting comes, strangely enough, from her brief contact with Cavendish Square. Having seen real ladies and gentlemen, she cannot act her old parts. As the plot thickens, the elder *Gower* is impressed by the fact that *Rose's* mother (like Marie Wilton's father) had played with Kean, whom he greatly admired, and is induced to furnish a theatre for the production of *Tom Wrench's* "Life." *Tom Wrench* is very deeply and nobly in love with *Rose*, but in the end she marries young *Gower*, and, we are to suppose, lives happily ever afterward in the life and the society of Cavendish Square.

The Tragedy of a "Happy" Ending.

These facts, interesting as they are as indicating the materials which our master-playwright has handled, have an important bearing on the development of his drama. Some one has remarked—the younger Dumas, if I remember—that every true drama represents the struggle (*lutte*) of forces in their essence antagonistic, and suggests the natural solution. In his second act Mr. Pinero has shown the struggle between the free, impulsive, untamed nature of an artist and the necessary rigidity of established society. The situation is as dramatic as that in "Mrs. Tanqueray," though on the whole much more sympathetic; the solution in real life could scarcely be less unhappy. Marie Wilton married the actor-manager of her company, the now famous Bancroft, and together they prospered in producing "legitimate" plays. *Rose Trelawny* ignores the very sincere love of *Tom Wrench*, and finds happiness, we are to suppose, with the grandson of the vice-chancellor *Gower*. It need scarcely be said that this solution is essentially untrue to life, and therefore, in the high sense, undramatic, for Mr. Pinero has admitted as much in insisting that his play is a "comedietta"; but this does not insure him against reproach. If we cannot object because the ending is "happy" (God save the mark!), we can object that a comedietta should have so truly dramatic a second act; and we can point out the fact that Mr. Pinero's audiences are too intelligent to believe in any happy reconciliation between that old world of actors and Cavendish Square.

The Acting and the Literary Play.

Yet the play has rare merit, and is, fortunately for us all, meeting with the rare success it deserves. Its merit lies partly in its mastery of both the theatrical and the literary capabilities of the stage. The marks of Mr. Pinero's stagecraft are everywhere, but a single instance must suffice. At the farewell dinner given to *Rose Trelawny* on her first departure for Cavendish Square the dear old stager *Telfer*, very naturally, if somewhat naïvely, elects himself toast-master, and proposes, "Our Immortal Bard, Shakspere . . . I had meant, myself, to 'ave offered a few remarks in response—" Here the leading juvenile, *Gadd*, who is piqued at not having been chosen toast-master, interrupts, as the book requires: "[*To* Imogen, *bitterly*,] Ha!" This *Ha!* is flat enough in the reading, but as uttered on the stage it becomes a grunt of jealous disgust—*hahch*—so delightfully expressive that it is repeated at appropriate places five or six times for the once indicated in the book. This feeling for the value of a tone, of a glance, a motion, marks the true playwright; one might almost say that a play is truly a play in proportion as it resists the attempt to put it in black and white.

Mr. Pinero's sense of the value of words as words is as unfailing. "I swear," says *Miss Avonia Bunn*, when extorting a secret, "I'll not *divulge*, let alone *tell a living soul!*" And again, "I was *compelled*—nay, *forced*." Dickens himself could not have expressed more clearly an air of simplicity and absurdity. And when *Tom's* new School of Comedy has reduced the old-fashioned *Telfer* to realistic parts, he complains that he has not been given a speech—"not a real *speech;* nothing to dig your teeth into." And *Mrs. Telfer*, reduced from her rôle of Queen to the humble station of wardrobe mistress, says, sadly, "If we are set to scrub a floor—and we may come to that yet—let us make up our minds to scrub it *legitimately*." Nobility, pathos, and exquisite absurdity are all expressed in the old actress's clinging to the idea of "the legitimate." Few English-speaking playwrights equal Mr. Pinero in knowledge of the effects peculiar to the stage; none equal him in power of phrase. And of all the foreign plays we have seen in late years, only one surpasses him in these regards, and that is of a wholly different order—"Cyrano de Bergerac."

The Crinoline Girl.

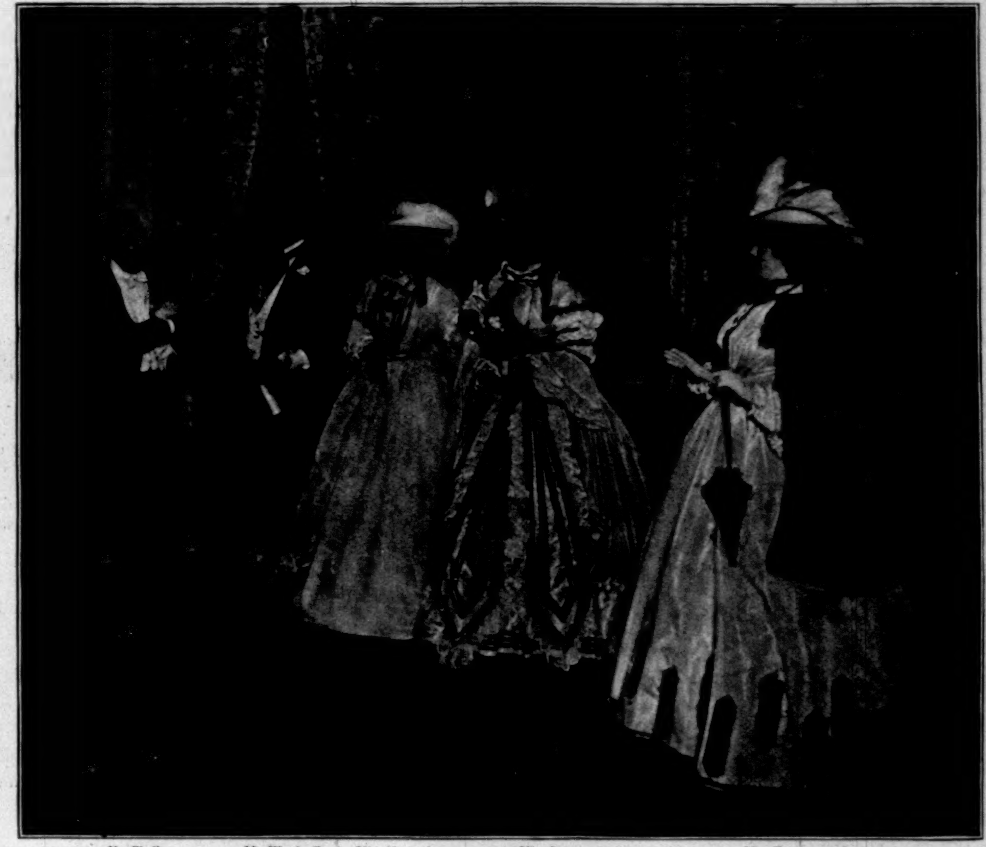
The main merit of "Trelawny" lies in the vitality and the truth with which it bodies forth the forms and the spirits of those good people of a generation ago. Those silver beavers and those "weeper" whiskers! Those stocks, those narrow-waisted frocks and peg-top trousers! Those pork-pie hats, those crinolines! Those crinolines that when a body whirls about disclose a pair of—now what does Mr. Pinero call the marvellous things a crinoline exposes? John Leech could have told, and would have! All the people are as 1860 as their belongings. Miss Mannering's Gibson face is an anachronism. She looks the best of fellows, but what does she know about a "Young Lady"? John Leech would have given *Rose* cherry lips, and would have kissed them beneath the mistletoe. If *Rose* is alive to-day, as we hope she is, all of the love of freedom she ever felt does not reconcile her to her granddaughter's bicycle or to her going to college. The quaintness of it all ripples through an audience and leaves it breathless; the sweetness is the perfume of a long-pressed rose. And those Theatrical Folk! We will believe at least that their foibles have vanished. "Don't you teach behavior," says *Colpoys*, the low-comedian, to *Tom Wrench*—"don't you teach behavior to a gentleman that plays a superior line of business to yourself!" And *Rose*, after she has come back from Cavendish Square, has a word to say about her companions: "We are only dolls, partly human, with mechanical limbs that will fall into stagy postures, and heads stuffed with sayings out of rubbishy plays." I wonder if there are still actors like that? But if Mr. Pinero has caught the foibles and jealousies of his world, he has done royal justice to its impulsive generosity. The right of property scarcely exists, and everybody has an honest kiss for everybody else, even when they aren't making up a quarrel. Altogether it is a wonderful world Mr. Pinero has given us—true and fine, full of absurdity so tenderly expressed that it is a sacred duty to laugh and laugh at it.

"Trelawny" Uncrinolined.

Mr. Harry B. Smith and Mr. Edgar Smith have been to "Trelawny" with several of the people from Weber & Fields. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will recognize the fact that no burlesque could be as amusing as "Trelawny" itself; but if not—we shall doubtless be told what these wonderful things are called that a crinoline discovers.

Miss Julia Arthur in Classical Rôles.

Miss Julia Arthur is presenting for the first time in New York a series of characters which, when played successfully, gives an actress standing in the front rank of her profession. I have seen her *Parthenia* and her *Rosalind* with interest, and when *Mercedes* and *Galatea* have been given, I shall have something to say of her success in her very laudable ambition. John Corbin.



Mr. Findley. Mr. Woodruff. Miss Mannering. Miss Spong. Miss Tyree.

"TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK—TRELAWNY LEAVING THE "WELLS" FOR CAVENDISH SQUARE.

"You 'ave plucked the flower, sir; you 'ave stole our ch'icest blossom."

MUSIC

THE OPENING OF AN OPERA SEASON.

"Studded with stars unutterably bright."—*Queen Mab.*

What Opera kindly permits to Music Critics.

When the veteran in musical considerations takes his seat in the Metropolitan on the first evening of such seasons of opera as have recurred there of recent winters—when he finds once again closing about him that radiant, shimmering, pulsating atmosphere special to a stage so majestic and so eloquent, he enters for a few weeks upon the rarest privilege of his profession. It is not quite appreciated even by those who take thoughtful interest in what the critic may think or write. For it is not merely that the reviewer is now to hearken to many noble and lovely voices, such as are nowhere else on earth heard together. It is not that again he shall study acting frequently of superb stature and breadth, even if measured by the best stages of spoken drama. It is not merely that delight is to come to him in the voluptuousness of Gounod, the sombre passion of Wagner, the flash and sparkle of Rossini, the divine melodiousness of Mozart. These all are things exceeding precious to him. But underneath them lies the truth that, here and now, through a magnificent perversion of both music and drama, by which each is declined from its purest estate—the critic in the vaguest of all arts about which to write comes at last in touch with something like human interests! At last he speaks of aspects of his æsthetics that are tolerably concrete, tangible to the many who neither know nor care for more abstract musical forms. He writes here for his wider circle of readers, because he summons them to follow him, yet another time, into a sort of Wood of Broceliande. Gods and heroes, clear shapes of fable or history, tangible comedy and tragedy, are at last in his question.

The Standards proper to such a Star Season.

Even the more obvious conditions of such an opera season as that to which Mr. Maurice Grau has now invited New York have shown themselves, within the course of the two representations already given, to be so exceptional that there would be folly in my attempting allusions to all of them in so short an article. Such justice can be done only by making notes from time to time on the singers and the incidents as space in successive articles shall best allow. For such a season must not be considered comparative in mere relation to several of its predecessors, and to New York's opera history at large. It should be measured by the opera companies, and by matters germane to them, in all Europe during at least a quarter-century. The solemn clack of club-room opera talk, and the ardent pronunciamentos of the gifted amateurs of the drawing-room, whose little cups of criticism are ever overflowingly full, become of small value in estimating just where such a season as that of our Metropolitan for 1898–9 is phenomenal, where it is ordinary, where it is shortcoming. With one factor of judgment, however, those New York listeners who know the wide song-world to-day can provide themselves. It is wholly—not relatively, but wholly—a fact that the musical and dramatic splendor of the greater number of Mr. Grau's present representations has never been attained even in the Metropolitan's past, and cannot be near-

Jaques (Mr. Bridgeland).
Dubois (Mr. Fortier).
Celia (Miss Conron).
Duke Oliver (Mr. Brown).
Audrey (Miss Bingham).
Touchstone (Mr. McWade).
Banished Duke (Mr. Holt).
Phœbe (Miss Mollison).
Sylvius (Mr. Fuller).
Louis (Mr. Raquet).

MISS JULIA ARTHUR AS *ROSALIND*, AND MR. W. S. HART AS *ORLANDO*, IN ACT V. OF "AS YOU LIKE IT," AS PLAYED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

ly approached at any "season" anywhere—except in one operatic theatre enjoying similar good fortune—Covent Garden, over which the same impresario rules. Apart from London's privileges, never were there in any one troupe so many star singers, who are star singers in their prime—not paled, but in their fullest glory of efficiency. Not till now has another single opera-house carried out so expensively the ideal and super-extravagant theory that each opera shall be sung in the original language of its text. Not till now, in short, will our opera-goers' wildest sabianism be made so bewilderingly actual, night by night of this astonishing season. The notices already published have volubly promised this; and the promise will be made good, weather and human frailty permitting.

Of Van Dyck's "Tannhäuser."

So far, Wagner's "Tannhäuser" and Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" have been sung, with "Roméo et Juliette" and "Marta" coming to conclude the first brilliant week. I cannot extend this notice beyond the two performances first named. And, as to "Tannhäuser," had Mr. Mancinelli led Wagner's work more in its inmost spirit, I could write that the opera has never had as impressive exposition in the United States or on the Continent. Inclining to say as much, I have in my mind one foreign operatic centre after another, appropriate to comparison, as well as all our own "German opera" history. A subtraction must be made, for Mr. Mancinelli often is a sluggish, Italianistic, unauthoritative director of Wagner, and so he was in this "Tannhäuser" directing. But vocally the work had a consummately great presentment. Mr. Van Dyck has not sung better in Paris, Baireuth, or Vienna these ten years, and Mr. Van Dyck is still the supreme *Tannhäuser*, as he is the best *Parsifal*. A tenor truly heroic, with a voice which, though not young after a dozen years of work, is still warm and artistically used—always a phraser *par excellence*, ever an actor of surpassing life and grace—this Belgian from Count Zichy's hall has only one rival of any fairly equal repute in the world. Dramatically, in such rôles as *Tannhäuser*, Van Dyck suggests what was said of Madame Schroeder-Devrient—"an almost unerring instinct of artistic fitness....a perfection of performance reaching to every detail of by-play." Niemann himself never could sing *Tannhäuser* as does Van Dyck; and never did Niemann act *Tannhäuser*, in the Venusberg, or out of it, with such *nuances* of facial expression, with gestures and poses so artful. Of the new-comers on this same opening night, special honor is due to M. Henri Albers, a barytone (French by birth, but as to the manner born in his German operatic work) of most noble organ, and of rare finish in his acting. Of Madame Emma Eames it needs only to be said that she assumed the part of *Elizabeth* with that breadth of emotional suggestion which has deepened each season in the Wagnerian work of one of the most lovely-voiced and fair-faced singers America alternately has lent to Europe and recalled to her own shores. She is a radiant *Elizabeth* when *Elizabeth* is joyous, and a figure of pathos fit for a missal's pages in the scene where the Virgin of the Wartburg bids adieu to love and to life. As for Madame Nordica, she returns to us, as ever, a veritable Venus in her personal beauty, and of completest individuality in her admirable musical delivery of a rôle strongly depending for its charm upon so gifted a singer and on an actress so impassioned. The Parisian version of the opera was used, a wise custom that we hope will be observed by Mr. Grau henceforward. The opera's major cast also included M. Plançon, who sang for the first time here in German—and sang well—the *Landgraf's* part. The *ensemble* effects were rich. The Metropolitan's chorus has been judicially built up, with a vast improvement in the prospect of its work to come. The "Tannhäuser" mounting, too, was largely new. It was beautiful, being either Baireuthian or Parisian in detail, where it was fresh. The last scene, by-the-bye, was given its due autumnal change; and even if the Wartburg was painted from the wrong side of the castle, it was the Wartburg, not a villa. The lights were remarkably well managed. The general effect, in short, of the opening night of a season to be largely Wagnerian was likewise largely a new chapter in the Metropolitan's sincerity to Wagnerism. Certainly it was such in a lavishness of singing and acting, almost without exception of the first rank; and deserving the enthusiasm of a vast and splendid audience.

EMMA EAMES,
Soprano, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.
Copyright, 1896, by A. Dupont.

MAURICE GRAU,
Impresario of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.
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A Famous "Il Barbiere" Night.

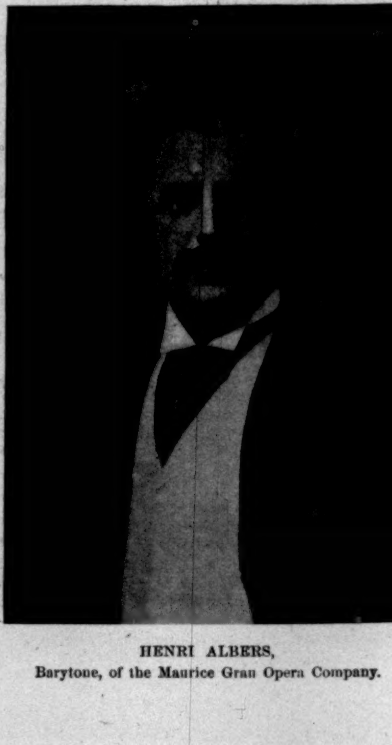
The performance of Rossini's "Barbiere" of Wednesday, with Madame Sembrich as *the Rosina* of all *Rosinas* extant, and with a group of star singers about her proportionately accomplished, rose even higher than the "Tannhäuser"—if in lighter wings indeed. It may be recorded as the finest representation ever given in this country of that greatest of Italian comic operas ever composed by an Italian. No preceding record, from Malibran or Mapleson seasons onward, could surpass the brilliancy, the archness, the gayety, the true Rossinian spirit, of such a memorable evening. This memory or printed history invites one to believe; even in admitting that Mr. Campanari has not any of the elegance of physique proper to *Figaro*, well as he sings and acts him; and that Mr. Salignac, although he has much improved vocally in the part, is a somewhat plebeian *Almaviva*. Madame Sembrich herself, Mr. Carbone (*Bartolo*), Mr. Eduard de Reszké (*Basilio*), Mr. Campanari (*Figaro*), Mr. Salignac (*Almaviva*), and the ever-welcome Mlle. Bauermeister (*Berta*), sang and carried on the fun in its airiest frolic. It was a lesson in the almost lost operatic message of Rossinism. All Italy cannot show a company to sing him now as he was thus sung here last week on Wednesday night. Not in Paris, at the Odéon, is the acting more traditionally charming and droll. The champagne of Beaumarchais and Rossini was in amazing froth. Another great house laughed and applauded the elegant, innocent sparkle as if it were indeed new. To many it was new. To all of us it was delicious. Mr. Eduard de Reszké's *Basilio* alone would have distinguished the fun and beautiful singing of such a "Barbiere" night, and Mr. de Reszké was but one jewel among the others.

The above chronicle of only two of the reproductions at the Metropolitan must be taken, as record and as comment, with much between the few actual lines. As has been intimated, the natural course of coming things should prove to be not only of similar brilliancy, but a text from which a reviewer can point out many striking æsthetic morals in adorning the season's harmonious tale.

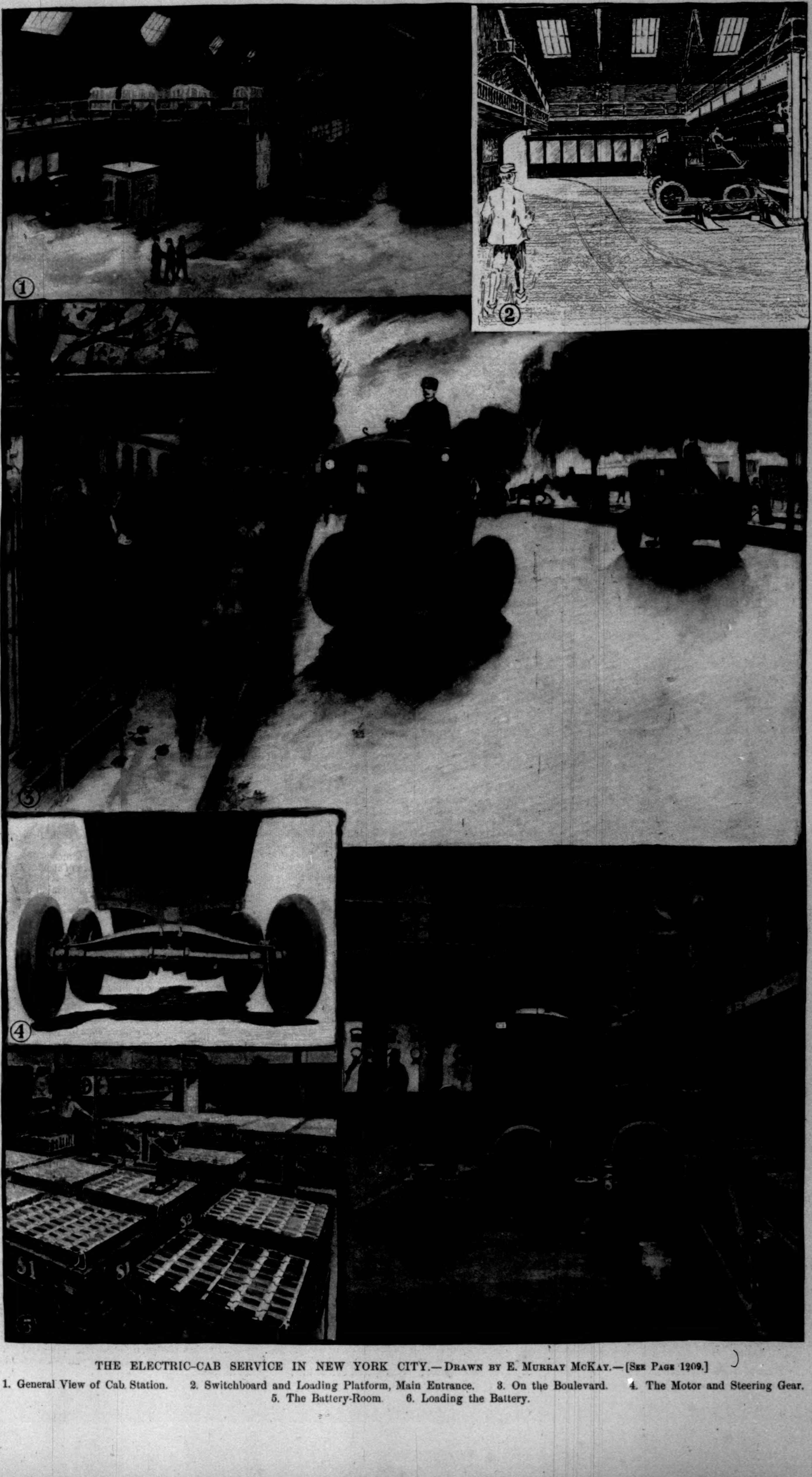
Madame Madeleine Schiller's Return.

Madame Madeleine Schiller, a pianist of distinction among us some twelve years ago, and for that period engaged abroad, has effected her re-entrance on our concert stage. Madame Schiller has retained all her former brilliancy of technic, and even added to it in her absence. Never an interpretative player of the inner meanings of a grave work, she is artistic in most of what constitutes excellent feminine pianism. She played, on this occasion, Rubinstein's third concerto and Liszt's E flat one and Liszt's transcription of the "Tannhäuser" overture—quite too much of a task for even a Penthesilea of the piano-forte, which Madame Schiller is not.

E. IRENÆNUS STEVENSON.



HENRI ALBERS,
Barytone, of the Maurice Gran Opera Company.



THE ELECTRIC-CAB SERVICE IN NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by E. Murray McKay.—[See Page 1209.]

1. General View of Cab Station. 2. Switchboard and Loading Platform, Main Entrance. 3. On the Boulevard. 4. The Motor and Steering Gear. 5. The Battery-Room. 6. Loading the Battery.

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

A Novel.

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF “DAISY MILLER,” “AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE,” ETC.

XXVI.

MITCHY, it had been understood, was to take his leave on the morrow, while Vanderbank was to stay till Tuesday. Mr. Longdon had, for the Sunday dinner, invited three or four of his neighbors to “meet” the two gentlemen from town, so that it was not till the company had departed, or in other words till near bedtime, that our four friends could again have become aware, as between themselves, of that directness of mutual relation which forms the subject of our picture. It had not, however, prevented Nanda's slipping up stairs as soon as the doctor and his wife had gone, and the manner indeed in which, on the stroke of eleven, Mr. Longdon kept up his tradition of appropriating a particular candle was as positive an expression of it as any other. Nothing in him was more amiable than the terms maintained between the rigor of his personal habits and his free imagination of the habits of others. He deprecated, as regards the former, it might have been seen, most signs of resemblance, and no one had ever dared to learn how he would have handled a show of imitation. “The way to flatter him,” Mitchy threw off five minutes later, “is not to make him think you're like him, but to let him see how different you perceive he can bear to think you. I mean of course without hating you.”

“But what interest have *you*,” Vanderbank asked, “in the way to flatter him?”

“My dear fellow, more than you. I haven't been here all day without arriving at conclusions on the credit he has opened to you—!”

“Do you mean the amount he'll settle?”

“You have it in your power,” said Mitchy, “to make it anything you like.”

“And is he then—so rich?”

Mitchy was on his feet in the apartment in which their host had left them, and he had at first for this question but an expressive motion of the shoulders in respect to everything in the room. “See, judge, guess, feel!”

But it was as if Vanderbank, before the fire, consciously controlled his attention. “Oh, I don't care a hang!”

This passage took place in the library and as a consequence of their having confessed, as their friend faced them with his bedroom light, that a brief, discreet vigil and a box of cigarettes would fix better than anything else the fine impression of the day. Mitchy might at that moment, on the evidence of the eyes Mr. Longdon turned to them and of which his innocent candle-flame betrayed the secret, have found matter for a measure of the almost extreme allowances he wanted them to want of him. They had only to see that the greater window was fast and to turn out the library lamp. It might really have amused them to stand a moment at the open door that, apart from this, was to testify to his conception of those who were not, in the smaller hours, as *he* was. He had in fact by his retreat—and but too sensibly—left them there with a deal of midnight company. If one of these presences was the mystery he had himself mixed, the manner of our young men showed a due expectation of the others. Mitchy, on hearing how little Vanderbank “cared,” only kept up a while longer that observant revolution in which he had spent much of his day, to which any fresh sense of any exhibition always promptly committed him, and which, had it not been controlled by infinite tact, might have affected the nerves of those in whom enjoyment was less rotary. He was silent long enough to suggest his fearing that almost anything he might say would appear too allusive; then at last, once more, he took his risk. “Awfully jolly old place!”

“It is indeed,” Van only said; but his posture in the large chair he had pushed toward the open window was of itself almost an opinion. The August night was hot and the air that came in charged and sweet. Vanderbank smoked with his face turned to the dusky garden and the dim stars; at the end of a few moments more of which he glanced round. “Don't you think it stuffy with that big lamp? As those candles on the chimney are going we might put it out.”

“Like this?” The amiable Mitchy had straightway obliged his companion and he as promptly took in the effect of the diminished light on the character of the room, which he commended as if the depth of shadow produced were all this companion had sought. He might freshly have brought home to Vanderbank that a man sensitive to so many different things could never really be incommoded, though that personage presently indeed showed himself occupied with another thought.

“I think I ought to mention to you that I've told him how you and Mrs. Brook now both know. I did so this afternoon on our way back from church—I hadn't done it before. He took me a walk round, to show me more of the place, and that gave me my chance. But he doesn't mind,” Vanderbank continued. “The only thing is that I've thought it may possibly make him speak to you, so that it's better you should know he knows. But he told me definitely Nanda doesn't.”

Mitchy took this in with an attention that spoke of his already recognizing how the less tempered darkness favored talk. “And is that all that passed between you?”

“Well, practically; except of course that I made him understand, I think, how it happened that I haven't kept my own counsel.”

“Oh, but you *have*—didn't he at least feel?—or perhaps even have done better, when you've two such excellent persons to keep it *for* you? Can't he easily believe how we feel with you?”

Vanderbank appeared for a minute to leave this appeal unheeded; he continued to stare into the garden while he smoked and swung the long leg he had thrown over the arm of the chair. When he at last spoke, however, it was with some emphasis—perhaps even with some vulgarity. “Oh rot!”

Mitchy hovered without an arrest. “You mean he *can't* feel—?”

“I mean it isn't true. I've no illusions about you. I know how you're both affected, though I of course perfectly trust you.”

Mitchy had a short silence. “Trust us not to speak?”

“Not to speak to Nanda herself—though of course, too, if you spoke to others,” Vanderbank went on, “they would immediately rush and tell her.”

“I've spoken to no one,” said Mitchy.

“I'm sure of it. And neither has Mrs. Brook.”

“I'm glad you're sure of that also,” Mitchy returned, “for it's only doing her justice.”

“Oh, I'm quite confident of it,” said Vanderbank. “And without asking her?”

“Perfectly.”

“And you're equally sure, without asking, that *I* haven't betrayed you?” After which, while, as if to let the question lie there in its folly, Vanderbank said nothing, his friend pursued: “I came, I must tell you, terribly near it to-day.”

“Why must you tell me? Your coming ‘near’ doesn't concern me, and I take it you don't suppose I'm watching or sounding you. Mrs. Brook will have come terribly near,” Vanderbank continued, as if to make the matter free; “but she won't have done it either. She will have been distinctly tempted—”

“But she won't have fallen?” Mitchy broke in. “Exactly—there we are. *I* was distinctly tempted, and I didn't fall. I think your certainty about Mrs. Brook,” he added, “shows you do know her. She's incapable of anything deliberately nasty.”

“Oh, of anything nasty in any way,” Vanderbank said musingly and kindly.

“Yes; one knows on the whole what she *won't* do.” After which, for a period, Mitchy roamed and reflected. “But in spite of the assurance given you by Mr. Longdon—or perhaps indeed just because of your having taken it—I think I ought to mention to you my belief that Nanda does know of his offer to you. I mean by having guessed it.”

“Oh!” said Vanderbank.

“There's in fact more still,” his companion pursued, “that I feel I should like to mention to you.”

“Oh!” Vanderbank at first only repeated. But after a moment he said: “My dear fellow, I'm much obliged.”

“The thing I speak of is something I should at any rate have said, and I should have looked out for some chance if we had not had this one.” Mitchy spoke as if his friend's last words were not of consequence, and he continued as Vanderbank got up and, moving rather aimlessly, came and stood with his back to the chimney. “My only hesitation would have been caused by its entailing our going down into things in a way that, face to face—given the private nature of the things—I dare say most men don't particularly enjoy. But if you don't mind—”

“Oh, I don't mind. In fact, as I tell you, I recognize an obligation to you.” Vanderbank, with his shoulders against the high mantel, uttered this without a direct look; he smoked and smoked, then looked at the tip of his cigarette. “You feel convinced she knows?” he inquired.

“Well, it's my impression.”

“Ah, any impression of yours—of that sort—is sure to be right. If you think I ought to have it from you I'm really grateful. Is that—a—what you wanted to say to me?” Vanderbank with a slight hesitation demanded.

Mitchy, watching him more than he watched Mitchy, shook a mildly decisive head. “No.”

Vanderbank, his eyes on his smoke puffs, seemed to wonder. “What you wanted is—something else?”

“Something else.”

“Oh!” said Vanderbank for the third time.

The ejaculation had been vague, but the movement that followed it was definite; the young man, turning away, found himself again near the chair he had quitted, and resumed possession of it as a sign of being at his friend's service. This friend, however, not only hung fire, but finally went back to take a shot from a quarter they might have been supposed to have left. “It strikes me as odd his imagining—awfully acute as he is—that she has *not* guessed. One wouldn't have thought he could live with her here in such an intimacy—seeing her every day and pretty much all day—and make such a mistake.”

Vanderbank, his great length all of a lounge again, turned it over. “And yet I do thoroughly feel the mistake's not yours.”

Mitchy had a new serenity of affirmation. “Oh, it's not mine.”

“Perhaps then”—it occurred to Vanderbank—“he doesn't really believe it.”

“And only says so to make you feel more easy?”

“So that one may—in fairness to one's self—keep one's head, as it were, and decide quite on one's own grounds.”

“So you *have* still to decide?”

Van took his time to answer. “I've still to decide.” Mitchy became again, on this, in the sociable dusk, a slow-circling, vaguely agitated element, and his friend continued: “Is your idea very generously and handsomely to help that by letting me know—”

“That I do definitely renounce”—Mitchy took him up—“any pretension and any hope? Well, I'm ready with a proof of it. I've passed my word that I'll apply elsewhere.”

Vanderbank turned more round to him. “Apply to the Duchess for her niece?”

“It's practically settled.”

“But since when?”

Mitchy barely faltered. “Since this afternoon.”

“Ah then, not with the Duchess herself.”

“With Nanda—whose plan, from the first, you won't have forgotten, the thing has so charmingly been.”

Vanderbank could show that his not having in the least forgotten was yet not a bar to his being now mystified. “But, my dear man, what can Nanda ‘settle’?”

“My fate,” Mitchy said, pausing well before him.

Vanderbank sat now a minute with raised eyes, cat
ing the indistinctness of his friend's strange expressi
“You're both beyond me!” he exclaimed at last.
don't see what you, in particular, gain.”

“I didn't either till she made it all out to me. O
sees then, in such a matter, for one's self. And as eve
thing's gain that isn't loss, there was nothing I *could* lo
It gets me,” Mitchy further explained, “out of the way

“Out of the way of what?”

This, Mitchy frankly showed, was more difficult to sa
but he in time brought it out. “Well, of appearing
suggest to you that my existence, in a prolonged state
singleness, may ever represent for her any real alter
tive.”

“But alternative to what?”

“Why, to being *your* wife, damn you!” Mitchy,
these words turned away again, and his companion, in t
presence of his renewed dim gyrations, sat for a minu
dumb. Before Van had spoken indeed he was back agai
“Excuse my violence, but of course you really see.”

“I'm not pretending anything,” Vanderbank said
“but a man *must* understand. What I catch hold of
that you offer me—in the fact that you're thus at any ra
disposed of—a proof that I, at any rate, sha'n't, if I he
tate to ‘go in,’ have a pretext for saying to myself tha
may deprive her—”

“Yes, precisely”—Mitchy now urbanely assented: “
something, in the shape of a man with *my* amount
money, that she may live to regret and to languish fo
My amount of money, don't you see,” he very simply ad
ed, “is nothing to her.”

“And you want me to be sure that—so far as I m
ever have had a scruple—she has had her chance and g
rid of it.”

“Completely,” Mitchy smiled.

“Because”—Vanderbank, with the aid of his cigarett
thoughtfully pieced it out—“that may possibly bring n
to the point.”

“Possibly!” Mitchy laughed.

He had stood a moment longer, almost as if to see th
possibility develop before his eyes, and had even start
at the next sound of his friend's voice. What Vande
bank in fact brought out, however, only made him tur
his back. “Do you like so very much little Aggie?”

“Well,” said Mitchy, “Nanda does. And I lik
Nanda.”

“You're too amazing,” Vanderbank mused. His mu
ing had presently the effect of making him rise; reflectio
indeed possessed him after he was on his feet. “I can
help it's coming over me then that, on such an extraord
nary system, you must also rather like *me*.”

“What will you have, my dear Van?” Mitchy frank
asked. “It's the sort of thing you must be most used t
for at the present moment—look!—aren't we all at you
once?”

It was as if Vanderbank had managed to appear to wo
der. “‘All’?”

“Nanda, Mrs. Brook, Mr. Longdon—”

“And you. I see.”

“Names of distinction. And all the others,” Mitch
pursued, “that I don't count.”

“Oh, you're the best.”

“I?”

“You're the best,” Vanderbank simply repeated. “It
at all events most extraordinary,” he declared. “But
make you out on the whole better than I do Mr. Lon
don.”

“Ah, aren't we very much the same—simple lovers o
life? That is, of that finer essence of it which appeals t
the consciousness—”

“The consciousness?”—his companion took up h
hesitation.

“Well, enlarged and improved.”

The words had made, on Mitchy's lips, an image b
which his friend seemed for a moment to be held. “On
doesn't really know quite what to say or to do.”

“Oh, you must take it all quietly. You're of a speci
class; one of those who, as we said the other day—don
you remember?—are a source of the sacred terror. Peo
ple made in such a way must take the consequences; jus
as people must take them,” Mitchy went on, “who ar
made as *I* am. So cheer up!”

Mitchy, uttering this incitement, had moved to th
empty chair by the window, in which he presently wa
sunk; and it might have been in emulation of his previ
ous strolling and straying that Vanderbank himself nov
began to revolve. The meditation he next threw out
however, showed a certain resistance to Mitchy's advice
“I'm glad at any rate I don't deprive her of a fortune.”

“You don't deprive her of mine, of course,” Mitch
answered from his chair; “but isn't her enjoyment of Mr
Longdon's, at least, a good deal staked, after all, on you
action?”

Vanderbank stopped short. “It's his idea to settle i
all?”

Mitchy gave out his glare. “I thought you didn'
‘care a hang.’ I haven't been here so long,” he went o
as his companion at first retorted nothing, “without mak
ing up my mind, for myself, about his means. He *is* dis
tinctly rich.”

It sent Vanderbank off again. “Oh well, she'll no mor
get all in the one event than she'll get nothing in the other
She'll only get a sort of a provision. But she'll get tha
whatever happens.”

“Oh, if you're sure—!” Mitchy simply commented.

“I'm not sure, confound it!” Then—for his voic
had been irritated—Van spoke more quietly. “Only
see her here—though on his wish of course—handlin
things so much as if they were her own and paying him
visit without, apparently, any calculated end. What'
that, on *his* part, but a pledge?”

Oh, Mitchy could show off-hand that he knew what i
was. “It's a pledge, quite as much, to *you*. He show
you the whole thing. He likes you not a whit less tha
he likes *her*.”

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

"Oh, thunder!" Van impatiently sighed.

"It's as 'rum' as you please, but there it is," said the inexorable Mitchy.

"Then does he think I'll do it for *this?*"

"For 'this'?"

"For the place, the whole thing, as you call it, that he shows me."

Mitchy had a short silence that might have represented a change of color. "It isn't good enough?" But he instantly took himself up. "Of course he wants—as I do—to treat you with a tact!"

"Oh, it's all right," Vanderbank immediately said. "Your 'tact'—yours and his—is marvellous, and Nanda's is greatest of all."

Mitchy's momentary renewal of stillness was addressed, he managed, somehow, not obscurely to convey, to the last clause of his friend's speech. "If you're not sure," he presently resumed, "why can't you frankly ask him?"

Vanderbank again, as the phrase is, "mooned" about a little. "Because I don't know that it would do."

"What do you mean by 'do'?"

"Well, that it would be exactly—what do you call it?—'square.' Or even quite delicate or decent. To take from him, in the way of an assurance so handsomely offered, so much, and then to ask for more: I don't feel I can do it. Besides, I have my little conviction. To the question itself he might easily reply that it's none of my business."

"I see," Mitchy dropped. "Such an inquiry might suggest to him moreover that you're hesitating more than you perhaps really are."

"Oh, as to *that*," said Vanderbank, "I think he practically knows how much."

"And how little?" He met this, however, with no more form than if it had been a poor joke; so that Mitchy also smoked for a moment in silence. "It's your coming down here, you mean, for these three or four days, that will have fixed it?"

The question this time was one to which the speaker might have expected an answer, but Vanderbank's only immediate answer was to walk and walk. "I want so awfully to be kind to her," he at last said.

"I should think so!" Then, with irrelevance, Mitchy harked back. "Shall *I* inquire?"

But Vanderbank, with another thought, had lost the thread. "Inquire what?"

"Why, if she does get anything—"

"If I'm not kind *enough?*"—Van had caught up again. "Dear no; I'd rather you wouldn't speak unless first spoken to."

"Well, *he* may speak—since he knows we know."

"It isn't likely, for he can't make out why I told you."

"You didn't tell *me*, you know," said Mitchy. "You told Mrs. Brook."

"Well, *she* told you, and her talking about it is the unpleasant idea. He does dislike her so."

"Poor Mrs. Brook!" Mitchy meditated.

"Poor Mrs. Brook!" his companion echoed.

"But I thought you said," he went on, "that he doesn't mind."

"*Your* knowing? Well, I dare say he doesn't. But he doesn't want a lot of gossip and chatter."

"Oh!" said Mitchy with meekness.

"I may absolutely take it from you then," Vanderbank presently resumed, "that Nanda has her idea?"

"Oh, she didn't tell me so. But it's none the less my belief."

"Well," Vanderbank at last threw off, "I feel it for myself. If only because she knows everything," he pursued without looking at Mitchy. "She knows everything, everything."

"Everything, everything." Mitchy got up.

"She told me so herself yesterday," said Van.

"And she told *me* so to-day."

Vanderbank's hesitation might have shown he was struck with this. "Well, I don't think it's information that either of us required. But of course she can't help it," he added. "Everything, literally everything, in London, in the world she lives in, is in the air she breathes—so that the longer *she's* in it, the more she'll know."

"The more she'll know, certainly," Mitchy acknowledged. "But she *isn't* in it, you see, down here."

"No. Only she appears to have come down with such accumulations. And she won't be here forever," Vanderbank hastened to subjoin.

"Certainly not if you marry her."

"But isn't that, at the same time," Vanderbank asked, "just the difficulty?"

Mitchy looked vague. "The difficulty?"

"Why, as a married woman she'll be steeped in it again."

"Surely"—oh, Mitchy could be candid. "But the difference will be that for a married woman it won't matter. It only matters for girls," he plausibly continued—"and then only for those on whom no one takes pity."

"The trouble is," said Vanderbank—but quite as if uttering only a general truth—"that it's just a thing that may sometimes operate as a bar to pity. Isn't it for the non-marrying girls that it doesn't particularly matter? For the others it's such an odd preparation."

"Oh, *I* don't mind it!" Mitchy declared.

Vanderbank visibly demurred. "Ah, but your choice—"

"Is such a different sort of thing?" Mitchy, for the half-hour, in the ambiguous dusk, had never looked more droll. "The young lady I named isn't my *choice*."

"Well then, that's only a sign the more that you do these things more easily."

"Oh, 'easily'!" Mitchy murmured.

"We oughtn't, at any rate, to keep it up," said Vanderbank, who had looked at his watch. "Twelve twenty-five—good-night. Shall I blow out the candles?"

"Do, please. I'll close the window"—and Mitchy went to it. "I'll follow you—good-night." The candles, after a minute, were out, and his friend had gone, but Mitchy, left in darkness, face to face with the vague, quiet garden, still stood there.

XXVII.

The footman, opening the door, mumbled his name without sincerity, and Vanderbank, passing in, found in fact—for he had caught the symptom—the chairs and tables, the lighted lamps and the flowers alone in possession. He looked at his watch, which exactly marked eight, then turned to speak again to the servant, who had, however, without another sound, and as if blushing for the house, already closed him in. There was nothing indeed but Mrs. Grendon's want of promptness that failed of a welcome: her drawing-room, on the January night, showed its elegance through a suffusion of pink electricity which melted, at the end of the vista, into the faintly golden glow of a retreat still more sacred. Vanderbank walked, after a moment, into the second room, which also proved empty, and which had its little globes of white fire—discreetly limited in number—coated with lemon-colored silk. The walls, covered with delicate French mouldings, were so fair that they seemed vaguely silvered; the low French chimney had a French fire. There was a lemon-colored stuff on the sofa and chairs, a wonderful polish on the floor that was largely exposed, and a copy of a French novel in blue paper on one of the spindle-legged tables. Vanderbank looked about him an instant, as if generally struck, then gave himself to something that had particularly caught his eye. This was simply his own name written rather large on the cover of the French book and endowed, after he had taken the volume up, with the power to hold his attention the more closely the longer he looked at it. He uttered, for a private satisfaction, before letting the matter pass, a low, confused sound; after which, flinging the book down with some emphasis in another place, he moved to the chimney-piece, where his eyes, for a little, intently fixed the small ashy wood fire. When he raised them again it was, on the observation that the beautiful clock on the mantel was wrong, to consult once more his watch, and then give a glance, in the chimney glass, at the state of his mustache, of which he twisted, for a moment, with due care, the ends. While so engaged he became aware of something else and, quickly facing about, recognized in the doorway of the room the other figure the glass had just reflected.

"Oh *you?*" he said, with a quick hand-shake. "Mrs. Grendon's down?" But he had already passed with Nanda, on their greeting, back into the first room, which contained only themselves, and she had mentioned that she believed Tishy to have said 8.15, which meant of course anything people liked.

"Oh then, there'll be nobody till nine. I didn't, I suppose, sufficiently study my note; which didn't mention to me, by-the-way," Vanderbank added, "that you were to be here."

"Ah, but why *should* it?" the girl candidly inquired. She spoke again, however, before he could reply. "I dare say that when she wrote to you she didn't know."

"Know you would come up to meet me?" Vanderbank laughed. "Jolly, at any rate, thanks to my mistake, to have in this way a quiet moment with you. You came on ahead of your mother?"

"Oh no—I'm staying here."

"Oh!" said Vanderbank.

"Mr. Longdon came up with me—I came here, Friday last, straight."

"You parted at the door?" he asked, with marked gayety.

She thought a moment—she was more serious. "Yes—but only for a day or two. He's coming to-night."

"Good. How delightful!"

"He'll be glad to see you," Nanda said, looking at the flowers.

"Awfully kind of him, when I've been such a brute."

"How—a brute?"

"Well, I mean not writing—nor going back."

"Oh, I see," Nanda simply returned.

It was a simplicity that, clearly enough, made her friend a little awkward. "Has he—a—minded? But he can't have complained!" he quickly added.

"Oh, he never complains."

"No, no—it isn't in him. But it's just that," said Vanderbank, "that makes one feel so base. I've been ferociously busy."

"He knows that—he likes it," Nanda returned. "He delights in your work. And I've done what I can for him."

"Ah," said her companion, "you've evidently brought him round. I mean to this lady."

"To Tishy? Oh, of course I can't leave her—with nobody."

"No"—Vanderbank became gay again—"that's a London necessity. You can't leave anybody with nobody—exposed to everybody."

Mild as it was, however, Nanda missed the joke. "Mr. Grendon's not here."

"Ah, where is he?"

"Yachting—but she doesn't know."

"Then she and you are just doing this together?"

"Well," said Nanda, "she's dreadfully frightened."

"Oh, she mustn't allow herself," he returned, "to be too much carried away by it. But we're to have your mother?"

"Yes, and papa. It's really for Mitchy and Aggie," the girl went on—"before they go abroad."

"Oh then, I see what you've come up for! Tishy and I are not in it. It's all for Mitchy."

"If you mean there's nothing I wouldn't do for him, you're quite right. He has always been of a kindness to me—"

"That culminated in marrying your friend?" Vanderbank asked. "It was charming, certainly, and I don't mean to diminish the merit of it. But Aggie herself, I gather, is of a charm now—!"

"Isn't she?"—Nanda was eager. "Hasn't she come out?"

"With a bound—into the arena. But when a young person's out with Mitchy—!"

"Oh, you mustn't say anything against that. I've been out with him myself."

"Ah, but my dear child—!" Van frankly argued.

It was not, however, a thing to notice. "I knew it would be just so. It always is when they've been like that."

"Do you mean as she apparently *was?* But doesn't it make one wonder a little *if* she was?"

"Oh, she was—I know she was. And we're also to have Harold," Nanda continued—"another of Mitchy's beneficiaries. It *would* be a banquet, wouldn't it? if we were to have them all."

Vanderbank hesitated, and the look he fixed on the door might have suggested a certain open attention to the arrival of their hostess or the announcement of other guests.

"If you haven't got them all, you've got, in having me, I should suppose, about the biggest."

"Ah, what has he done for you?" Nanda asked.

Again her friend hung fire. "Do you remember something you said to me, down there, in August?"

She looked vague, but quite unembarrassed. "I remember but too well that I chattered."

"You declared to me that you knew everything."

"Oh yes—and I said so to Mitchy too."

"Well, my dear child, you don't."

"Because I don't know—?"

"Yes, what makes *me* the victim of his insatiable benevolence."

"Ah, well, if you've no doubt of it yourself, that's all that's required. I'm quite *glad* to hear of something I don't know," Nanda pursued. "And we're to have Harold too," she promptly added.

"As a beneficiary? Then we *shall* fill up! Harold will give us a stamp."

"Won't he? I hear of nothing but his success. Mother wrote me that people are frantic for him; and," said the girl after an instant, "do you know what Cousin Jane wrote me?"

"What *would* she now? I'm trying to think."

Nanda relieved him of this effort. "Why, that mother has transferred to him all the scruples that she felt—'even to excess'—in *my* time, about what we might pick up among you all that wouldn't be good for us."

"That's a neat one for *me!*" Vanderbank declared. "And I like your talk about your antediluvian 'time.'"

"Oh, it's all over."

"What exactly is it," Vanderbank presently demanded, "that you describe in that manner?"

"Well, my little hour. And the danger of picking up."

"There's none of it here?"

Nanda appeared frankly to judge. "No—because, really, Tishy, don't you see? is natural. We just talk."

Vanderbank showed his interest. "Whereas at your mother's—?"

"Well, you were all afraid."

Vanderbank laughed straight out. "Do you mind my telling her that?"

"Oh, she knows it. I've heard her say herself you were."

"Ah, *I* was," he concurred. "You know we've spoken of that before."

"I'm speaking now of all of you," said Nanda. "But it was she who was most so, for she tried—I know she did, she told me so—to control you. And it was when you were most controlled—"

Van's amusement took it up. "That we were most deleterious?"

"Yes, because, of course, what's so awfully unutterable is just what we most notice. Tishy knows that," Nanda wonderfully observed.

As the reflection of her tone might have been caught by an observer in Vanderbank's face, it was in all probability caught by his interlocutress, who, superficially, however, need have recognized there—what was all she showed—but the right manner of waiting for dinner. "The better way then is to dash right in? That's what our friend here does?"

"Oh, you know what she does!" the girl replied as if with a sudden drop of interest in the question. She also turned to the opening of the door.

It was Tishy who at last appeared, and her guest had his greeting ready. "We're talking of the delicate matters as to which you think it's better to dash right in; but I'm bound to say your inviting a hungry man to dinner doesn't appear to be one of them."

The sign of Tishy Grendon—as it had been often called in a society in which variety of reference had brought to high perfection, for usual safety, the sense of signs—was a retarded facial glimmer that, in respect to any subject, closed up the rear of the procession. It had been said of her indeed that when processions were at all rapid she was usually to be found, on a false impression of her whereabouts, mixed up with the next; so that now, for instance, by the time she had reached the point of saying to Vanderbank, "Are you *really* hungry?" Nanda had begun to appeal to him for some praise of their hostess's appearance. This was of course with soft looks, up and down, at her clothes. "Isn't she too nice? Did you ever see anything so lovely?"

"I'm so faint with inanition," Van replied to Mrs. Grendon, "that—like the traveller in the desert, isn't it?—I only make out, as an oasis or a mirage, a sweet green rustling blur. I don't trust you."

"I don't trust *you*," Nanda said on her friend's behalf. "She isn't 'green'—men are amazing: they don't know the dearest old blue that ever was seen."

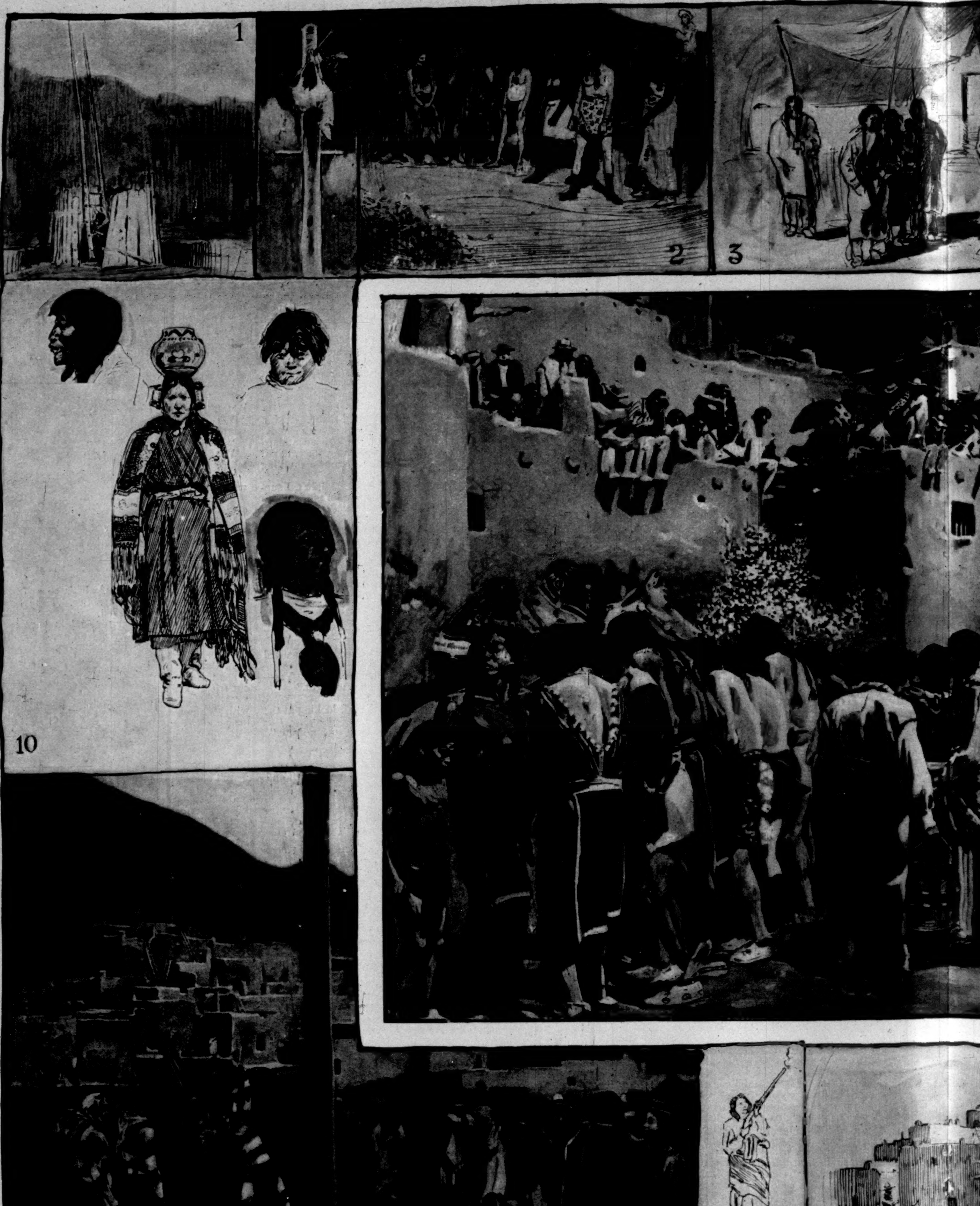
"*Is* it your '*old* blue'?" Vanderbank, monocular, very earnestly asked. "I can imagine it was 'dear,' but I should have thought—"

"It was yellow"—Nanda helped him out—"if I hadn't kindly told you." Tishy's figure showed the confidence of objects consecrated by publicity; bodily speaking a beautiful human plant, it might have taken the last November gale to account for the completeness with which, in some quarters, she had shed her leaves. Her companions could only emphasize by the direction of their eyes the nature of the responsibility with which a spectator would have seen them saddled—a choice, as to consciousness, between the effect of her being and the effect of her not being dressed. "Oh, I'm hideous—of course I know it," said Tishy. "I'm only just clean. Here's Nanda now, who's beautiful," she vaguely continued, "and Nanda—"

"Oh but, darling, Nanda's clean too!" the young lady in question interrupted; on which her fellow-guest could only laugh with her as in relief from the antithesis of which her presence of mind had averted the completion, little indeed, for the most part, as, in Mrs. Grendon's talk, that element of style was involved.

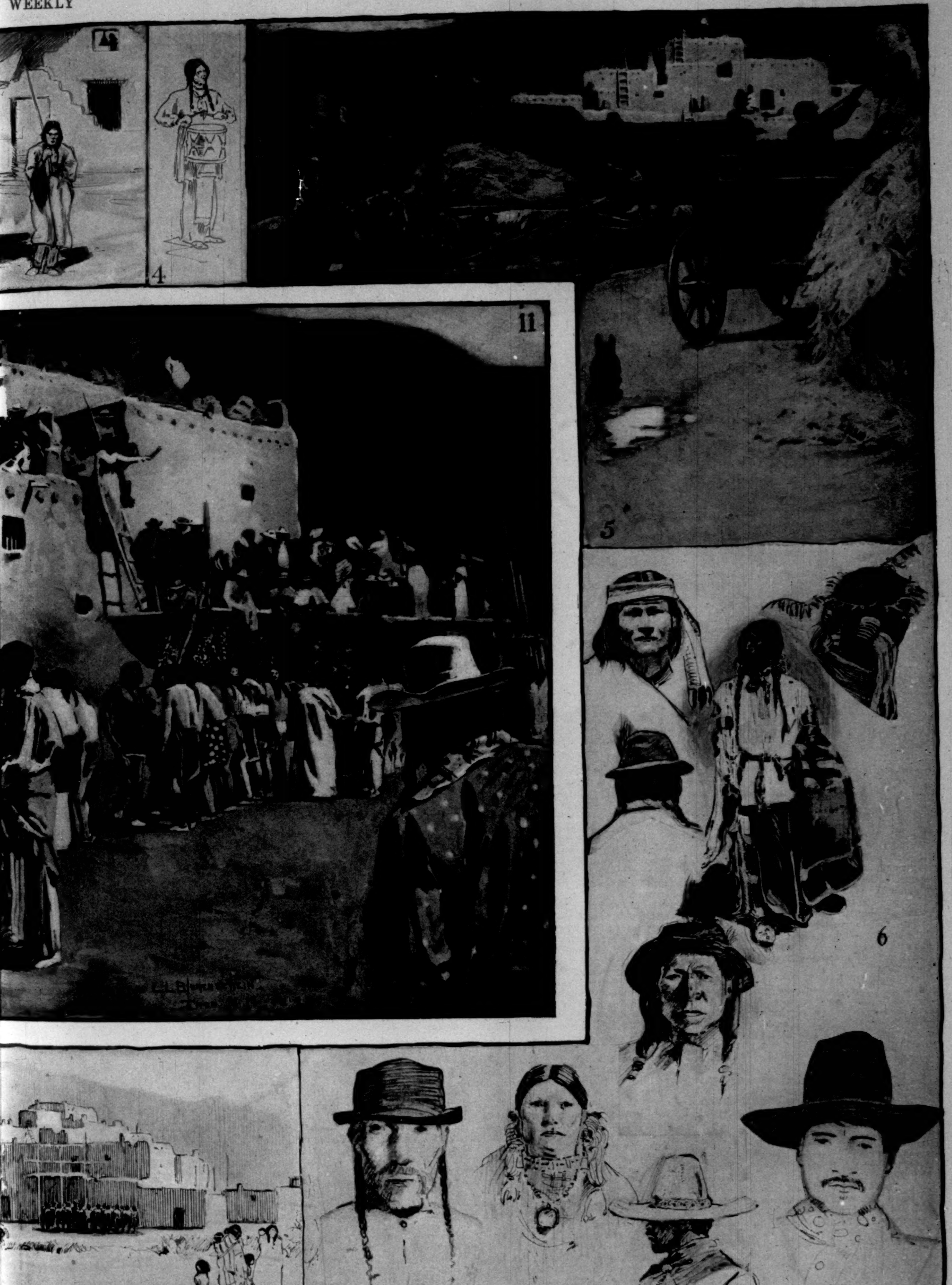
"There's nothing, in such a matter," Vanderbank observed as if it were the least he could decently say, "like challenging inquiry; and here's Harold, precisely," he went on in the next breath, "as clear and crisp and undefiled as a fresh five-pound note."

"A fresh one?"—Harold had passed in a flash from his hostess. "A man who, like me, hasn't seen one for six months, could perfectly do, I assure you, with one that has lost its what-do-you-call it." He kissed Nanda with a friendly peck, then, more completely aware, had a straighter apprehension for Tishy. "My dear child, *you*



A STRANGE MIXTURE OF BARBARISM AND CHRISTIANITY—THE CELEBRATION OF SAN GER

1. Entrance to Underground Council-Chamber. 2. Racers at the Beginning of the Course. 3. Carrying the Patron Saint to the Race-Track. 4.
9. The "Chiflonetes." 10. Types—"



GERONIMO'S DAY AMONG THE PUEBLO INDIANS.—DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN.—[SEE PAGE 1207.]

4. Drummer at the Church Door. 5. The Last of the Wheat. 6. Types—Apaches and Mexicans. 7. Ready for the Race. 8. A Gunner.
es—"Pueblos." 11. The Dance.

seem to have lost something, though I'll say for you that one doesn't miss it."

Mrs. Grendon looked from him to Nanda. "Does he mean anything very nasty? I can only understand you when Nanda explains," she returned to Harold. "In fact there's scarcely anything I understand except when Nanda explains. It's too dreadful her being away so much now with strange people, whom I'm sure she can't begin to do for what she does for me; it makes me miss her all round. And the only thing I've come across that she *can't* explain," Tishy launched straight at her friend, "is what on earth she's doing there."

"Why, she's working Mr. Longdon, like a good, true girl," Harold said; "like a good, true daughter and even, though she doesn't love me nearly so much as I love *her*, I will say, like a good, true sister. I'm bound to tell you, my dear Tishy," he went on, "that I think it awfully happy, with the trend of manners, for any really nice young thing to be a bit lost to sight. London, upon my honor, is quite too awful for girls, and any big house in the country is as much worse—with the promiscuities and opportunities and all that—as you know for yourselves. *I* know some places," Harold declared, "where, if I had any girls, I'd see 'em shot before I'd take 'em."

"Oh, you know too much, my dear boy!" Vanderbank remarked with commiseration.

"Ah, my brave old Van," the youth returned, "don't speak as if *you* had illusions. I know," he pursued to the ladies, "just where some of Van's must have perished, and some of the places I've in mind are just where he has left his tracks. A man must be wedded to sweet superstitions, not, nowadays, to *have* to open his eyes. Nanda, love," he benevolently concluded, "stay where you are. So, at least, I sha'n't blush for you. That you've the good fortune to have reached your time of life with so little injury to your innocence makes you a case by yourself, of which we must recognize the claims. If Tishy can't stump you, that's nothing against you—Tishy comes of one of the few innocent English families that are left. Yes, you may all cry 'Oho!'—but I defy you to name me, say, five, or at most seven, in which some awful thing or other hasn't happened. Of course ours is one, and Tishy's is one, and Van's is one, and Mr. Longdon's is one, and that makes you, bang off, four. So there you are!" Harold gayly wound up.

"I see now why he's the rage!" Vanderbank observed to Nanda.

But Mrs. Grendon expressed to their young friend a lingering wonder. "Do you mean you go in for the adoption—?"

"Oh, Tishy!" Nanda mildly murmured.

Harold, however, had his own tact. "The dear man's taking her quite over? Not altogether unreservedly. I'm with the governor: I think we ought to *get* something. 'Oh yes, dear man, but what do you *give* us for her?'—that's what *I* should say to him. I mean, don't you know, I don't think she's making quite the bargain she might. If he were to want *me* I don't say he mightn't have me, but I should have it on my conscience to make it in one way or another a good thing for my parents. You *are* nice, old woman"—he turned to his sister—"and one can still feel, for the flower of your youth, something of the wonderful 'reverence' that we were all brought up on; for God's sake therefore—all the more—don't really close with him till you've had another word or two with me. I'll be hanged"—he appealed to the company again—"if he shall have her for nothing!"

"See rather," Vanderbank said to Mrs. Grendon, "how little it's like your really losing her that she should be able, this evening, fairly to bring the dear man *to* you. At this rate we don't lose her—we simply get him as well."

"Ah, but is it quite the dear man's *company* we want?"—and Harold looked anxious and acute. "If that's the best arrangement Nanda can make—!"

"If he hears us talking in this way, which strikes me as very horrible," Nanda interposed very simply and gravely, "I don't think we're likely to get anything."

"Oh, Harold's talk," Vanderbank protested, "offers, I think, an extraordinary interest; only, I'm bound to say, it crushes me to the earth. I've to make, at least, as I listen to him, a big effort to bear up. It doesn't seem long ago," he pursued to his young friend, "that I used to feel I was in it; but the way you bring it home to me, dreadful youth, that I'm already *not—!*"

Harold looked earnest to understand. "The hungry generations tread you down—is that it?"

Vanderbank gave a fine sad head-shake. "We speak a different language."

"Ah, but I think I perfectly understand yours!"

"That's just my anguish—and your advantage. It's awfully curious," Vanderbank went on to Nanda, "but I feel as if I must figure to him, you know, very much as Mr. Longdon figures to me. Mr. Longdon doesn't, somehow, get into me. Yet I do, I think, into *him*. But *we* don't matter!"

"'We'?"—Nanda, with her eyes on him, echoed it.

"Mr. Longdon and I. It can't be helped, I suppose," he went on, for Tishy, with sociable sadness, "but it *is* short innings."

Mrs. Grendon, who was clearly credulous, looked positively frightened. "Ah, but, my dear, thank you! I haven't begun to *live*."

"Well, *I* have—that's just where it is," said Harold. "Thank you, all the more, old Van, for the tip."

There was an announcement just now at the door, and Tishy turned to meet the Duchess, with Harold, almost as if he had been master of the house, figuring but a step behind her. "Don't mind *her*," Vanderbank immediately said to the companion with whom he was left, "but tell me, while I still have hold of you, who wrote my name on the French novel that I noticed a few minutes since in the other room."

Nanda at first only wondered. "If it's there—didn't *you?*"

He just hesitated. "If it were here you would see if it's my hand."

Nanda faltered, and for somewhat longer. "How should I see? What do I know of your hand?"

He looked at her hard. "You *have* seen it."

"Oh—so little!" she replied with a faint smile.

"Do you mean I've not written to you for so long? Surely I did in—when was it?"

"Yes, when? But why *should* you?" she asked in quite a different tone.

He was not prepared, on this, with the right statement, and what he did, after a moment, bring out, had, for the occasion, a little the sound of the wrong. "The beauty of *you* is that you're too good; which, for me, is but another way of saying you're too clever. You make no demands. You let things go. You don't allow, in particular, for the human weakness that enjoys an occasional glimpse of the weakness of others."

She had deeply attended to him. "You mean perhaps one doesn't show enough what one wants?"

"I think that must be it. You're so fiendishly proud."

She appeared again to wonder. "Not too much so, at any rate, only to want from *you*—"

"Well, what?"

"Why, what's pleasant for yourself," she simply said.

"Oh dear, that's poor bliss!" he declared. "How does it come then," he next said, "that, with this barrenness of our intercourse, I know so well *your* hand?"

A series of announcements had meanwhile been made, with guests arriving to match them, and Nanda's eyes, at this moment, engaged themselves with Mr. Longdon and her mother, who entered the room together. When she looked back to her companion, she had had time to drop a consciousness of his question. "If I'm proud, to you, I'm not good," she said, "and if I'm good—always to *you*—I'm not proud. I know at all events, perfectly, how immensely you're occupied, what a quantity of work you get through and how every minute, for you, counts. Don't make it a crime to me that I'm reasonable."

"No, that *would* show, wouldn't it? that there isn't much else. But how it all comes back—!"

"Well, to what?" she asked.

"To the old story. You know how I'm occupied. You know how I work. You know how I manage my time."

"Oh, I see," said Nanda. "It *is* my knowing, after all, everything."

"Everything. The book I just mentioned is one that, months ago—I remember now—I lent to your mother."

"Oh, a thing in a blue cover? I remember then too." Nanda's face cleared up. "I had forgotten it was lying about here, but I must have brought it—in fact, I remember I did—for Tishy. And I wrote your name on it so that we might know—"

"That I hadn't lent it to either of you? It didn't occur to you to write your own?" Vanderbank went on.

"Well, but if it isn't mine? It *isn't* mine, I'm sure."

"Therefore, also, if it can't be Tishy's—"

"It's simple enough—it's mother's."

"'Simple'?" Vanderbank laughed. "I like you! And may I ask if you've read the work?"

"Oh yes." Then she wonderfully said: "For Tishy."

"To see if it would do?"

"I've often done that," the girl returned.

"And she takes your word?"

"Generally. I think I remember she did that time."

Vanderbank hesitated. "And read the thing?"

"Oh, no!" said Nanda.

He looked at her a moment longer. "You're too particular!" he rather oddly sounded, turning away with it to meet Mr. Longdon.

XXVIII.

When, after dinner, the company was restored to the upper rooms, the Duchess was on her feet as soon as the door opened for the entrance of the gentlemen. Then it might have been seen that she had a purpose, for after the elements had again, with a due amount of the usual shuffling and mismatching, been mixed, her case proved the first to have been settled. She had got Mr. Longdon beside her on a sofa that was just right for two. "I've seized you without a scruple," she frankly said, "for there are things I want to say to you as well as, very particularly, to ask. More than anything else, of course, I want again to thank you."

No collapse of Mr. Longdon's was ever incompatible with his sitting well forward. "'Again'?"

"Do you look so blank," she demanded, "because you've really forgotten the gratitude I expressed to you when you were so good as to bring Nanda up for Aggie's marriage?—or because you don't think it a matter I should trouble myself to return to? How can I help it," she went on without waiting for his answer, "if I see your hand in everything that has happened since the so interesting talk I had with you last summer at Mertle? There have been times when I've really thought of writing to you; I've even had a bold bad idea of proposing myself to you for a Sunday. Then the crisis, my momentary alarm, has struck me as blowing over, and I've felt I could wait for some luck like this, which would sooner or later come." Her companion, however, appeared to leave the luck so on her hands that she could only snatch up, to cover its nudity, the next handsomest assumption. "I see you cleverly guess that what I've been worried about is the effect on Mrs. Brook of the loss of her dear Mitchy. If you've not, at all events, had your own impression of this effect, isn't that only because, these last months, you've seen so little of her? *I've* seen," said the Duchess, "enough and to spare." She waited as if for her vision, on this, to be flashed back at her, but the only result of her speech was that her friend looked hard at somebody else. It was just this symptom indeed that perhaps sufficed her, for in a minute she was again afloat. "Things have turned out so much as *I* desire them that I should really feel wicked not to have a humble heart. There's a quarter indeed," she added with a noble unction, "to which I don't fear to say for myself that no day and no night pass without my showing it. However, you English, I know, don't like one to speak of one's religion. I'm just as simply thankful for mine—I mean with as little sense of indecency or agony about it—as I am for my health or my carriage. My point is, at any rate, that I say in no cruel spirit of triumph, yet do, none the less, very distinctly say, that Mr. Mitchett's disgusted patroness may be now to be feared." These words had the sound of a climax, and she had brought them out as if, with her duty done, to leave them; but something that took place, for her eye, in the face Mr. Longdon had half averted gave her after an instant what he might have called her second wind. "Oh, I know you think she always *has* been. But you've exaggerated—as to that; and I don't say that even at present it's anything we sha'n't get the better of. Only we must keep our heads. We must remember that from her own point of view she has her grievance, and we must at least look as if we trusted her. That, you know, is what you've never quite done."

Mr. Longdon gave out a murmur of discomfort which produced in him a change of position, and the sequel to the change was that he presently accepted from his cushioned angle of the sofa the definite support it could offer. If his eyes, moreover, had not met his companion's, they had been brought, by the hand he repeatedly and somewhat distressfully passed over them, closer to the question of which of the alien objects presented to his choice it would cost him least to profess to handle. What he had already paid, a spectator would easily have gathered from the long, suppressed wriggle that had ended in his falling back, was some sacrifice of his habit of not privately depreciating those to whom he was publicly civil. It was plain, however, that when he presently spoke his thought had taken a stretch. "I'm sure I've fully intended to be everything that's proper. But I don't think Mr. Vanderbank cares for her."

It kindled in the Duchess an immediate light. "*Vous avez bien de l'esprit.* You put one at one's ease. I've been vaguely groping, while you're already there. It's really only for Nanda he cares."

"Yes—really."

The Duchess hesitated. "And yet exactly how much?"

"I haven't asked him."

She had another, but a briefer pause. "Don't you think it about time you *should?*" Once more she waited, then seemed to feel that her opportunity wouldn't. "We've worked a bit together, but you don't take me into your confidence. I dare say you don't believe I'm quite straight. Don't you really see how I *must* be?" She had a pleading note which made him at last fix her. "Don't you see," she went on with the advantage of it, "that, having got all I want for myself, I haven't a motive in the world for spoiling the fun of another? I don't want in the least, I assure you, to spoil even Mrs. Brook's; for how will she get a bit less out of him—I mean than she does now—if what you desire *should* take place? Honestly, my dear man, that's quite what *I* desire, and I only want, over and above, to help you. What I feel for Nanda, believe me, is pure pity. I won't say I'm frantically grateful to her, because, in the long-run—one way or another—she'll have found her account. It nevertheless worries me to see her, and all the more because of this very certitude, which you've so kindly just settled for me, that our young man hasn't really, with her mother—"

Whatever the certitude Mr. Longdon had kindly settled, it was in another interest that he at this moment broke in. "Is he *your* young man too?"

She was not too much amused to cast about her. "Aren't such marked ornaments of life a little the property of all who admire and enjoy them?"

"You 'enjoy' him?" Mr. Longdon asked in the same straightforward way.

"Immensely."

His silence, for a little, seemed the sign of a plan. "What is it he hasn't done with Mrs. Brook?"

"Well, the thing that *would* be the complication. He hasn't gone beyond a certain point. You may ask how one knows such matters, but I'm afraid I've not quite a receipt for it. A woman knows, but she can't tell. They haven't done, as it's called, anything wrong."

Mr. Longdon frowned. "It would be extremely horrid if they had."

"Ah, but, for you and me who know life, it isn't *that* that—if other things had made for it—would have prevented! As it happens, however, we've got off easily. She doesn't speak to him—"

She had forms he could only take up. "'Speak' to him—?"

"Why, as much as she would have liked to be able to believe."

"Then where's the danger of which you appear to wish to warn me?"

"Just in her feeling, in the case, as most women would feel. You see she did what she could for her daughter. She did, I'm bound to say, as that sort of thing goes among you people, a good deal. She treasured up, she nursed along Mitchy, whom she would also, though of course not so much, have liked for herself. Nanda, with a word, could have kept him on, becoming thereby, for *your* plan, so much the less accessible. That would have thoroughly obliged her mother, but your little English girls, in these altered times—oh, I know how you feel them!—don't stand on such trifles; and—even if you think it odd of me—I can't defend myself, though I've so directly profited, against a certain compassion also for Mrs. Brook's upset. As a good-natured woman I feel, in short, for both of them; I deplore, all round, what's after all rather a sad relation. Only, as I tell you, Nanda's the one, I naturally say to myself, for me now most to think of: if I don't assume too much, that is, that you don't suffer by my freedom."

Mr. Longdon put by with a mere drop of his eyes the question of his suffering: there was so clearly, for him, an issue more relevant. "What do you know of my 'plan'?"

"Why, my dear man, haven't I told you that ever since Mertle, I've made out your hand? What on earth, for other people, can your action look like but an adoption?"

"Of—a—*him?*"

"You're delightful. Of—a—*her!* If it does come to the same thing for you, so much the better. That, at any rate, is what we're all taking it for, and Mrs. Brook herself *en tête*. She sees—through your generosity—Nanda's life, more or less, at the worst, arranged for, and that's just what gives her a good conscience."

If Mr. Longdon breathed rather hard it seemed to show at least that he followed. "What does she want of a good conscience?"

From under her high tiara, an instant, she almost looked down at him. "Ah, you do hate her!"

He colored, but held his ground. "Don't you tell me yourself she's to be feared?"

"Yes, and watched. But—if possible—with amusement."

"Amusement?" Mr. Longdon faintly gasped.

"Look at her now," his friend went on with an indication that was indeed easy to embrace. Separated from them by the width of the room, Mrs. Brook was, though placed in profile, fully presented; the satisfaction with which she had lately sunk upon a light gilt chair marked itself as superficial and was moreover visibly not confirmed by the fact that Vanderbank's high-perched head, arrested before her in a general survey of opportunity, gave her eyes, in conversation, too prayerful a flight. Their companions were dispersed, some in the other room, and for the occupants of the Duchess's sofa they made, as a couple in communion, a picture, framed and detached, vaguely reduplicated in the high polish of the French floor. "She *is* tremendously pretty." The Duchess appeared to drop this as a plea for indulgence and to be impelled in fact by her interlocutor's silence to carry it further. "I've never at all thought, you know, that Nanda touches her."

Mr. Longdon demurred. "Do you mean for beauty?"

His friend, for his simplicity, discriminated. "Ah, they've neither of them 'beauty.' That's not a word to make free with. But the mother has grace."

"And the daughter hasn't?"

"Not a line. You answer me of course, when I say *that*, with your adored Lady Julia, and will want to know what then becomes of the lucky resemblance. I quite grant you that Lady Julia must have had the thing we speak of. But that dear, sweet, blessed thing is very much the same lost secret as the dear sweet blessed *other* thing that went away with it—the decent leisure that, for the most part, we've also seen the last of. It's the thing, at any rate, that poor Nanda and all her kind have most effectually got rid of. Oh, if you'd trust me a little more you'd see that I'm quite at one with you on all the changes for the worse. I bear up, but I'm old enough to have known. All the same, Mrs. Brook has something—say what you like—when she bends that little brown head. *Dieu sait comme elle se coiffe*, but what she gets out of it—! Only look."

Mr. Longdon conveyed in an indescribable manner that he had retired to a great distance; yet even from this position he must have launched a glance that showed him a middle way. "They both know you're watching them."

"And don't they know *you* are? Poor Mr. Van has a consciousness!"

"So should I if two terrible women—"

"Were admiring you both at once?" The Duchess folded the big feathered fan that had partly protected their range. "Well, *she*, poor dear, can't help it. She wants him herself."

At the drop of the Duchess's fan he restored his nippers. "And he doesn't—not a bit—want *her!*"

"There it is. She has put down her money, as it were, without a return. She has given Mitchy up and got nothing instead."

There was delicacy, yet there was distinctness, in Mr. Longdon's reserve. "Do you call *me* nothing?"

The Duchess, at this, fairly swelled with her happy stare. "Then it *is* an adoption?" She forbore to press, however; she only went on: "It isn't a question, my dear man, of what *I* call it. *You* don't make love to her."

"Dear me," said Mr. Longdon, "what would she have had?"

"That could be more charming, you mean, than your famous 'loyalty'? Oh, *caro mio*, she wants it straighter! But I shock you," his companion quickly added.

The manner in which he firmly rose was scarce a denial; yet he stood for a moment in place. "What, after all, can she do?"

"She can *keep* Mr. Van."

Mr. Longdon wondered. "Where?"

"I mean till it's too late. She can work on him."

"But how?"

Covertly again the Duchess had followed the effect of her friend's perceived movement on Mrs. Brook, who also got up. She gave a rap with her fan on his leg. "Sit down—you'll see."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAN GERONIMO.

The Pueblo Indian's Holiday.

SWIFT ARROW'S TALE.

THE Indian tells us the story of his people and their holiday as we sit in the cool shade of our adobe house:

"Many years ago, when ground was new and rocks were wet, we hed good chief. When he die we hed big day, feast, every year on day he die. We was in dis Nord San Luis Valley somewhere den. Some hunters came here, and tell Indians fine place, so dey move here, my people, five hundred years ago. Oh! full of game dis country; many buffaloes right over dere, lots deer an' wild horses. We hed squashes, beans, corn, plums, lots dings.

"You say we no hed horses, but we have tradition dat we got horses same like deers and buffaloes. Spanyars didn' bring deers and buffalo an' beans an' corn. We hed it. We were not Cat'olic den, same like Apaches. My people didn' know no white man. Us't be all time good friends to Apaches. Utes no good.

"One day one Spanyar came from de west, riding on one mule to Pueblo. (Dey never before saw one mule or one cow. No goat, no sheep eeder.) Den dey say he come from somewhere else. Dis is some oder nation. Some of dem want to kill dat man. Some say no kill him, he good. So chief say no kill him. In few years one troop come trading goods. Dey lives neighbors one mont'. Den dey say it be good to be Cat'olic. De priests baptized on one day, when we all hed feast an' races. After while dey got us to have dat feast and dances on last day Se'tember, so dey call it San Geronimo.

"En few years dey no like it to be Cat'olic, and kill priests an' teachers, an' all but one Spanyar. He hid in bushes, escape, bring out some big troop. Dey hed battle in November. My people run in mountains an' left all crops in houses. Spanyars burnt all houses. My people got very poor, an' den dey was living by hunting. Dey live dat winter like de doves, in cliff. Nex' year dey commence build houses we have now. Dey build for tree year, de five stories. Dey cut de roof beams wid stone axes.

"Quite a good while, 'bout t'irty year, the Spanyars no come. No San Geronimo dance dose year. Dey hed big feast on day we killed priests an' teachers. Den Spanyars come back. Priests commence build church. We go an' be baptized. Become Cat'olic.

"San Geronimo day we just have good time like Fourt' July. If we don't do nuttin' like dees, years will be longer. For de race we pick out fastest boys on each side of river. One side is North Pueblo; oder is Sout'. In morning dat day we pay seex dollar to say mass, an' dollar an' half to cantor. Den when mass is done we want to come out for races. After races, big race dance; everybody happy. In afternoon we have chiflonetes, de actors. Dis is to make people laugh, dis chiflonetes. Didn' have dis long time. 'Bout hundred years ago hed big eclipse of sun. Den we hed' big famine—no water. For one year people very, very poor, starved. So de chief he say we have chiflonetes. An' dese actors, fony men, go roun' de houses an' make fone, so people forget dey hungry. So now dey have dem every year, just same. Dey paint dereselves up fony, and shoot straw arrows.

"San Geronimo is for make pleasure for everybody—white man, Indian, Mexican. Not like white man—make 'em pay fifty cents, one dollar, ten cents. All free." And as Swift Arrow wrapped his blanket around his body and over one shoulder, he was proud he was an Indian.

SAN GERONIMO DAY.

The old bell on the church responds in musical tones to the rapping of two stones held in the hands of an Indian boy. The dignified Indian governor calls out from the square that it is the hour for the morning mass. The Pueblos solemnly file into the little sanctuary and kneel on the ground-floor. A drummer is stationed by the church door, and at his sides are six gunners charging their muzzle-loaders. The priest's monotone rises above the noise of the early morning, and soon the tinkling of a bell is heard. It is the signal, and the drums roll and the guns are fired into the air. Quiet follows, and the chant continues, followed at intervals by the noise of gun and drum.

The Apaches, dressed in most gorgeous costumes, some wearing hats, dot the square with brilliancy, refusing the Spaniard's religion. Visitors begin to arrive, and the road to Taos, three miles distant to the south, is marked by a trail of dust hanging in the air.

With a final roll of the drum and discharges from the guns, a procession comes out of the church bearing a small wooden image of San Geronimo. Four Indians hold the poles of a canopy to keep the sun from striking the sacred block of wood as they carry it to a bower overlooking the race-course.

The young runners of the South Pueblo are seen on a distant roof, their naked bodies shining in the bright light. The minor chords of an Indian song hurry the people around the group of athletes as they go through a short dance before lining up to receive last instructions from the coachers. The racers are divided into groups of sixteen, and as they attentively listen to a buck's advice two old men switch eagle feathers around their naked legs to make them swift. Then, with shrill calls, they trot slowly to their respective ends of the three hundred and forty-five yards' course. Eight young men from each Pueblo are represented in each group, and feel that the honor of the North or South Pueblo rests in their individual efforts. They are naked but for the breech-clout, and the stripes of paint on bodies and faces.

Many have light fluffy feathers pasted on their backs and legs. Stationed at short intervals along the track are coachers who keep up a continual yelling. The racing is done by couples running the course, and as they cross the line two more take it up. It takes over a quarter of an hour before the last pair decide the supremacy of the Pueblos, amidst great excitement.

The sport commences as two runners bound from the start at top speed. They are greeted with cheers all along the line, and some coachers strike their bodies with aspen branches. They race the distance evenly, so the two who continue start together. The next two pairs are as well matched as the first, and promises are for a close finish. But on the fifth lap comes a surprise. A runner with the imprint of a white hand on each breast takes the lead as he springs from a crouching start. He speeds along like an American sprinter, head up, running on his toes, and a great gap opens rapidly between him and his opponent from the North. His running is superb, and as he crosses the line of branches the South Pueblo starts with a lead of fifty yards.

"That chap spent six years at Carlisle," some one says; and he shows the training, for his time for the distance is forty-four seconds.

I am sorry he runs so well, for the race looks hopelessly lost for the North side, as, lap after lap, they can not lessen the gap. I climb to the top of the pueblo to see the whole course. There are still four more laps, and the Carlisle boy's gain remains the same. The fourth from the last race begins, and the North side runner clinches his hands in impatience waiting for his side to arrive. His opponent starts long ahead of him, and he can see him spurt along through the dust, coached and whipped ahead by his friends. But at last his side crosses the line, and with undaunted spirit the Indian sets after the small figure ahead of him. How that fellow does go! The pride of his Pueblo spurs him ahead, and his legs flash over the road like a perfect machine. The crowd resumes interest, and hope revives in the North side when the determined chap has cut the lead in two. It is a grand sight from my point of view, commanding the whole course, and the moving excited throng of gayly dressed people. The two succeeding laps shorten the lead somewhat, and at the far end I can see the start of the final race.

An old man is furiously switching the legs of a tall lithe fellow with his eagle feathers, while the South starts off confidently. The leader is fifteen yards ahead before the tall Indian tears away from the old coacher. The excitement is high now, and a line of motion can be seen in the crowd as the runners pass the people. The coachers along the line run beside their men in their wild efforts to hasten them on. But it is no trouble for the coachers of the man behind. With set jaws, and hands clinched till the muscles of the forearm stand out, he sweeps past them all, bringing cheers of admiration from the audience and fear and trembling to the supporters of the leader. They are both good runners, the best of each Pueblo, saved for the last; and from my high perch there seems no gain, and the course half over.

Yes, there is a gain—that tall Indian behind is surely creeping up, and his friends whoop and yell as they close in behind, trying to see the finish. He throws up his head as the hair falls in his face, and puts all his efforts into his spurt. I recognize him at that moment. It is Swift Arrow. And with a yell I lean 'way out from the 'doby chimney. "Beat him out—beat him out!" I cry, in excitement. He does not need my advice, for thousands of voices rend the air as his spurt brings him closer every second. Twenty-five yards more, and the South still has the lead. Swift Arrow's face is fiercely strained, and the muscles of his jaw are knots of light and shade. Tied! His name is not in vain. But will he win? His opponent feels him at his side and tries hard to spurt the last remaining ten yards. The two black heads are side by side, a yellow knot flying from Swift Arrow's hair, and a blue one holding the long locks of his opponent. They struggle ahead with supremest effort. Pride is the Indian's moving force, and it tells now as the two pairs of legs fly evenly through the dust. "North!" "South!" rise from the din of the excitement, and with a happy heart I see the yellow knot forge ahead as they cross the finish.

The crowds of wagons and horsemen close in around the pueblo as the deep boom, boom of a big tomtom is heard. The racers have put on their moccasins, and form two bodies of dancers. The grouping is the same as in the preparatory dances, a close compact mass of Indians elbow to elbow. But a song that stirs you like the great movement in a Beethoven symphony rises from the many voices. The happy, quickly moving rhythm is echoed in the banging of the big drum, the jingling of many sleigh-bells, and the explosions of guns. Aspen leaves wave over the heads of the racers; naked boys and old men join the dancers; many of the crowd take up the infectious motion and song, and bounce up and down on their feet as they laughingly try to catch the song. The time grows quicker; the singers put more "snap" into the song, and dance in great joy, moving slowly sideways before the pueblo. Indian women on the roofs throw bread and fruit down on the crowd, the stern-faced governor presses back the people with the silver-headed cane presented to his tribe by President Lincoln, old men busily chase cameras away from the scene, and three bright red Apache squaws ride beside the dancers.

Arrived at the end of the pueblo, the song dies down, and with a whoop the dancers break through the crowd and joyfully rush across the little bridge, some stopping at the creek to throw water into their dry mouths. The Mexican horsemen plunge through the water, followed by the Apache squaws.

The dance is renewed on the other side, and winds around the underground council-chamber and under the scaffoldings. The three squaws have dismounted, and dance and sing in the middle of the group, undisturbed by the jolly racers. The noonday sun beats down on the bare backs, and beads of perspiration stand out on the painted foreheads. The dust rises in clouds, but neither the cheerfulness of the song nor the steady hammer of the drum abates till the circle around the square is completed. Then with wild "hi yi's" the racers run for their homes and dinners.

The great crowd settles down at lunch-time, and sets its tables on the wagon seats. Indian women come down the ladders with baskets of wheat on their heads, which they trade to the fruit merchants for apples and peaches. Some of the Mexicans dine with their Indian friends. American women buy the ornaments off the richly decked Apache's head and body. The newspaper men compare notes, and the "kodak fiends" tell of many serious troubles, usually averted by a good cigar or "two bits."

Some Mexican boys rush by on horseback, one waving a live rooster over his head. They are in for sport of their own. Planting the poor bird in the ground, with its head protruding, they run by, trying to pull it from its place. The successful boy rides swiftly off with his prize, the others after. They all struggle for the rooster, grappling and fighting, till little is left of the chicken. The Mexican who tore him from the ground has nothing to tell of his victory but two legs, a few feathers clinging to his torn clothes, a flushed face, and a perspiring horse.

THE CHIFLONETES.

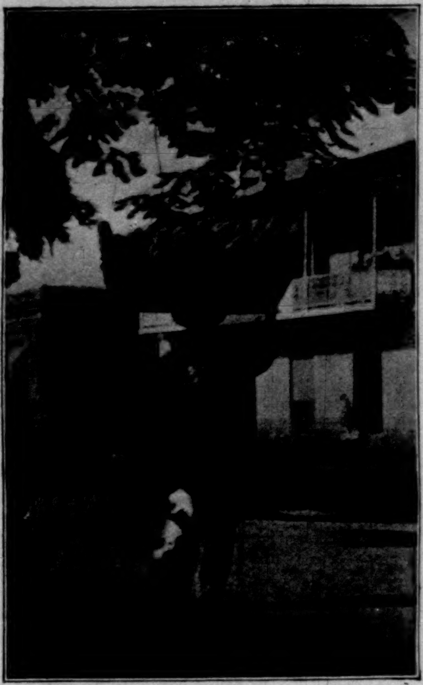
The afternoon is half gone, when two strangely painted figures mount from the underground council-chamber. Their naked bodies and faces are painted in black and white stripes, and bunches of withered grasses are stuck into the hair. These are the "chiflonetes," or, as Bandelier calls them, the "delight-makers." The black and white stripes are emblematic of the darkness and light of the eclipse which caused their establishment, and the withered grass symbolizes the parched crops.

They proceed to "make fone," and a crowd of children follow them in glee. Some of the little brown babies cry in terror as the weird Indians come along, but to most of them it is the much talked-of, long looked-for event of the year. The "chiflonetes" succeed in surrounding themselves with an audience, and, just as their American brothers do in the circus, tell a good joke, or start a song and get badly out of tune. They stand on the little bridge and dance as funnily as possible, then chase the children around. They go through clown gymnastics, squatting on the ground in all shapes, standing on their heads or on each other's neck, play leap-frog, and cut up "monkey-shines" until they are tired.

After a short rest, the funny men, aided by a third Indian, again appear. Now they are armed with bows and light straw arrows, and sing a jolly hunting-song. They discover imaginary tracks, in the vicinity of the tall pole, out in the square. They lead evidently toward the pole, and there they lose the trail. Finally one Indian examines the pole, and, to his surprise, finds the footprints again. Up the trail goes, and bending back their heads, the "chiflonetes" see a dead sheep hanging at the top. They get out their straw arrows and try hard to bring down the game. As shooting is in vain, they shake the pole, and chop at it with stones, getting much humor out of sharpening the stones on boards, etc. They keep this up for nearly an hour, the only interruptions coming when they stop their play and seriously throw gravel at the holders of cameras. Eventually a short ladder is brought, and a "chiflonete" is started up the pole. It takes him at least a quarter of an hour to climb up, as he spends most of the time slipping back. But at last the sheep is reached, and it and the bread and fruit beside it are lowered to the ground. The fun is a little tiresome, lacking the "vim" and "snap" of our American foolishness, but it is as light and absurd as a comic opera.

The "chiflonetes" are another ray of light on the Indian's character, and show that beneath the serious dignity of his severe face lies a sense of humor as keen as his white brothers'.

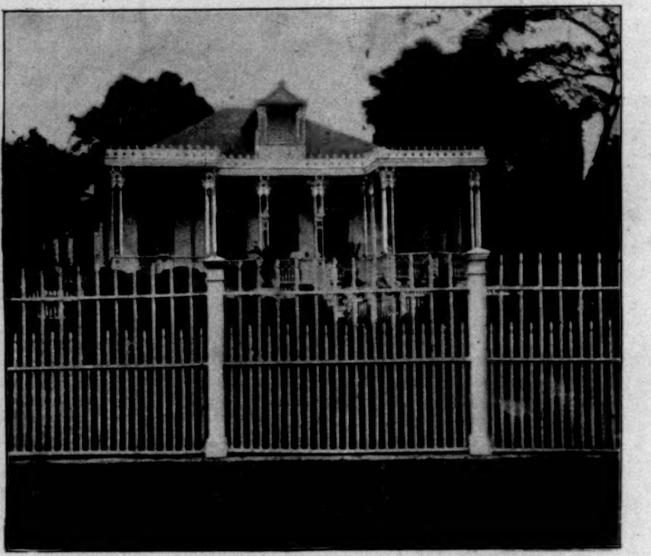
ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN.



THE BREAD-WAGON OF CAGUAS.

A PRIMITIVE VILLAGE NEAR CAGUAS.

PANNIERED HORSES IN FRONT OF A STORE—CAGUAS.



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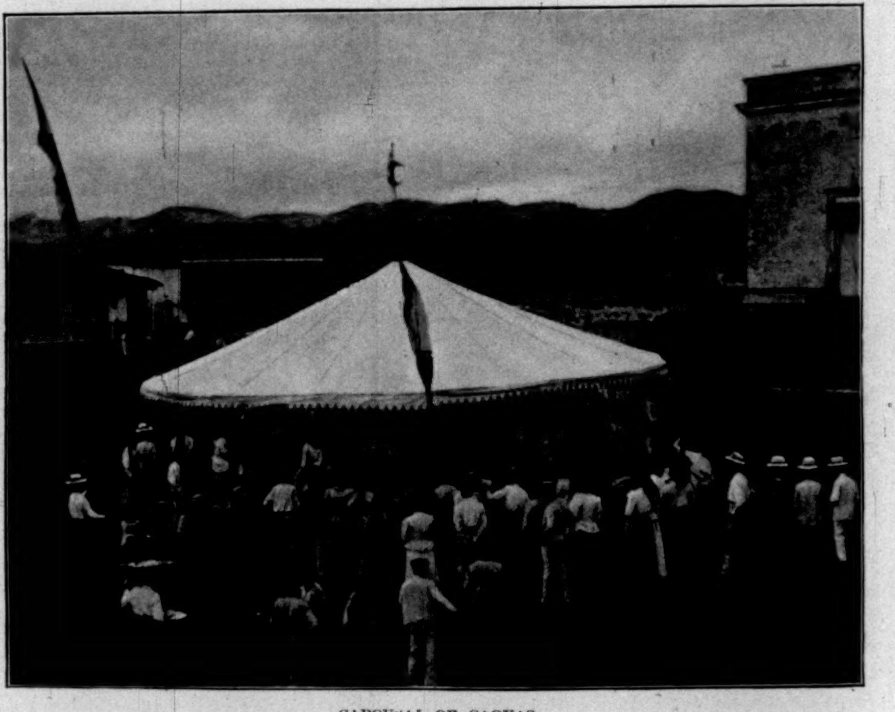

CAROUSAL OF CAGUAS.

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Photographs by William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."

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ELECTRIC-CABS IN NEW YORK.

THE age we live in is marked by no greater achievement than the almost universal evolution from animal to mechanical energy.

The birth of the steam-engine marked the beginning of mechanical motive power, and coincident therewith came the desire to propel vehicles by self-contained energy. Some of the very earliest applications of steam motive power were therefore in this direction. To the steam-motor have been added gasoline, benzine, and other oil-engines, and last, but by no means least, the electric-motor automobile has put in its appearance. The electric-motor automobile is now not an experiment, but actually enters into the every-day existence of Greater New York. Soon may we write the passing of the horse.

The development of the automobile carriage in this country has perhaps not been in exactly the same direction, nor has it been accompanied by as great a production and universal application, as in Europe. France has particularly distinguished herself in automobilism. Paris to-day has hundreds of horseless vehicles, operated by steam, gasoline, benzine, and in some few instances by electric motors, scurrying through its streets and boulevards, and recently a public automobile-cab service has been instituted. Electrically propelled vehicles constitute but a very small percentage of the equipment. American development, however, seems to lean toward the electric-motor conveyance. Many very excellent electric automobiles have been produced, and the electric-cab service recently incorporated in this city by the Electric Vehicle Company is unquestionably the pioneer electric-cab service of any magnitude. The plant, when equipped with its full complement of carriages, will be the largest in the world.

Many new and ingenious appliances are incorporated in the construction of these New York electric cabs, which are now regular competitors of the old-fashioned vehicles on Manhattan Island. The electric cabs have regular stations throughout the city, may be hailed when in motion, or can be ordered from the main station by telephone. The charges for time hire are the same as for horse-cab service, but the charge per mile is thirty cents, instead of fifty cents, the legal rate. With its full present equipment the service consists of fifty hansoms, fifty broughams, and also several special vehicles.

In general appearance the New-York electric cabs are perhaps somewhat different from any vehicle heretofore constructed. The fore body is similar to an ordinary hansom-cab, but rearwardly projecting from this part of the vehicle is a box in which the batteries are housed. These batteries are composed of a multitude of lead plates carried in boxes and immersed in dilute acid. They are inserted or removed by taking off the rear end of this so-called battery-box. For obvious reasons the running gear is composed of four wheels instead of two, as in the ordinary cab, and their appearance, to say the least, is striking. Aside from the small diameter and extremely massive construction, they are fitted with immense pneumatic tires five inches in diameter, made up of rubber stock from five-eighths to one inch thick. These tires are pumped to a pressure of about eighty pounds. Another radical departure from ordinary practice is embodied in the arrangement of the front wheels as drivers, the vehicle being steered by the rear wheels. Each cab is fitted with two two-horse-power electric motors, one of which is geared to each driving wheel. The motors are entirely encased, and are attached to the axle adjacent to the wheels. The steering gear is entirely different from that of the horse-drawn vehicle. Each steering wheel revolves on a short axle pivoted close to the hub on an axle tree, so that it turns on an independent pivot. The two short steering axles are, however, connected together by various rods, so that both wheels move together.

The up-to-date "cabby" is seated on top of the battery-box, from which point the various controlling levers are easily accessible to him. Under his seat is the so-called controller. From this device, which is simply a peculiar electric switch for connecting the battery with the motor for various speeds, a handle projects upward on the left side of the driver's seat, so that by moving this lever forward from its normal position the batteries and motors are variously connected, and several speeds result. In front is a long lever which is connected with the steering gear. A movement of this lever forward or backward moves the steering wheels correspondingly to the right or left. Close to this steering lever is the brake treadle, which is moved by the cab-operator's foot and causes a strong brake to be applied directly to each motor. So positive is the action of this mechanism that the vehicle may be stopped within its length even when running at full speed. In ordinarily operating the cab, it is necessary to use these three controlling levers only, but to reverse the vehicle a switch is operated by the heel of the foot, which arranges the motors so as to operate in the reverse direction. The automobile cabman needs no hitching-post. Should he leave his seat, he carries away with him the safety-switch handle, by removing which the connection between the battery and motor is broken, and the cab cannot be started. As long as cabby attends to this part of his duty, runaway electric cabs will probably remain a rarity. This switch also serves as an emergency stop when running. In case of necessity, it is operated by a kick, thus instantly stopping the motors.

The batteries for each cab are held in a single tray or box, which is loaded into or unloaded from the cab by machinery. Each set of batteries for a single cab weighs about twelve hundred pounds. The cabs are fitted with electric side-lights outside, and electric reading-lamps inside.

Loaded with a fresh battery equipment, the electric cab can travel from twenty-five to thirty miles over the streets of New York. Its mission accomplished, the cab returns to the station, and probably requires recharging of the batteries.

In London and Paris this is done without removing the batteries from the vehicle, which, accordingly, must remain out of service for the hour or two necessary for the operation, often in the busiest time of the day. In New York, however, ingenious and powerful machinery removes the exhausted batteries and substitutes a set fully charged, with a facility which is amazing even to the expert.

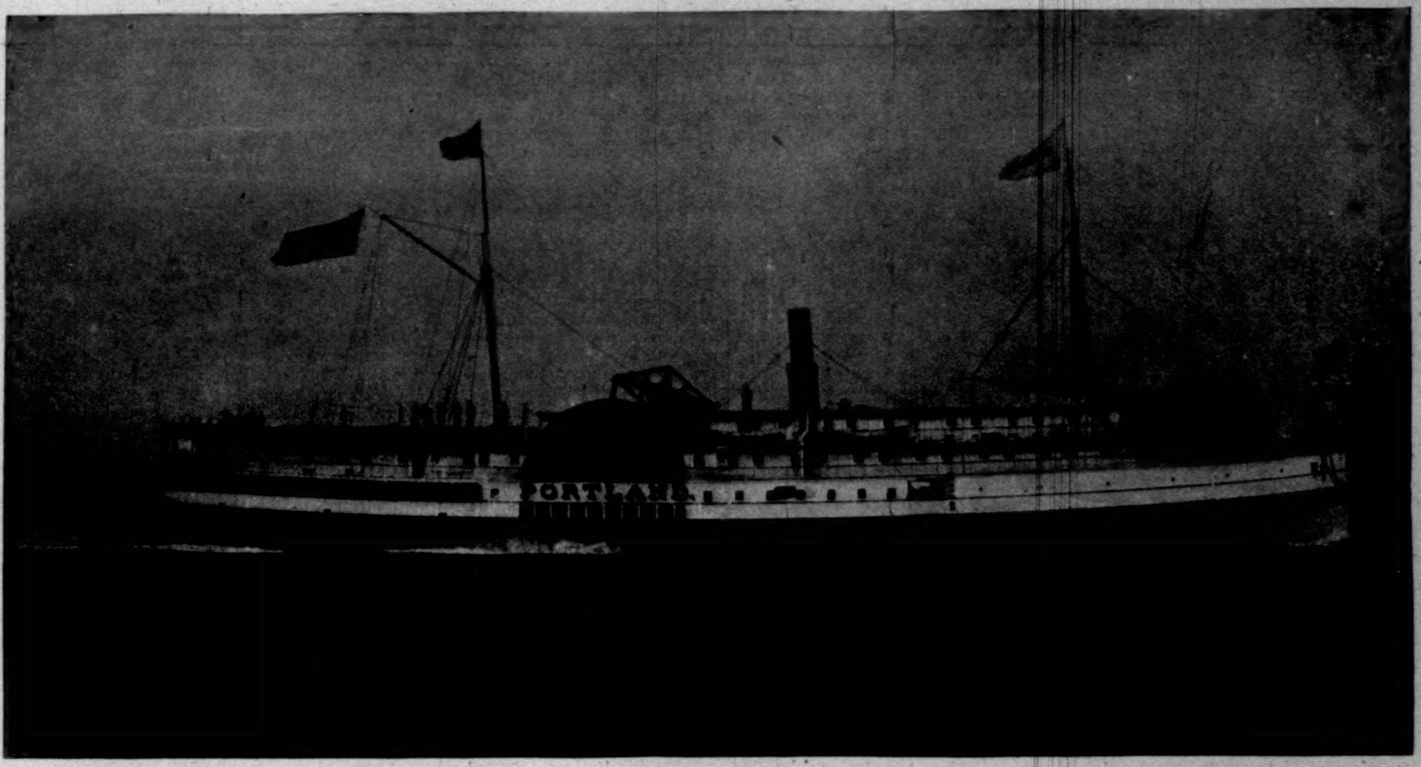
The electric-vehicle service has for its home the old Michaux Club House, on Broadway near Fifty-third Street. The building is a large rinklike structure extending through from Broadway to Seventh Avenue, with an available ground area of 200 × 80 feet. With the exception of a small section about fifteen feet wide at each end of the building, for offices, waiting-rooms, repair shops, etc., the entire interior space is devoted to the manipulation of the cabs and their equipment.

Almost two-thirds of the large open interior is covered by a heavy steel pillar and girder construction, which on the ground-floor forms the so-called battery-room, and on the floor above serves as storage space for vehicles not in actual service. The front of the battery-room faces the main entrance, on Broadway. Here the cab loading and unloading machinery is located, and the batteries are carried from their resting-place to this point, and returned by an immense electric crane, which spans the battery-room from side to side—a distance of forty feet. This crane moves the entire length of the battery-room, on heavy girders forming the top of the side pillars. The batteries are placed on stands arranged in eight long rows, and, corresponding thereto, the crane is equipped with eight electric hoists, one over each row, so that a box of batteries is lifted bodily by the automatic hoisting grapple, and then carried by the crane to or from the loading table, which extends across the entire front end of the battery-room. This table is really a conveying belt arrangement, intended to shift the battery placed thereon so that it is brought into position for either loading into the cabs or lifting by the hoists on the crane.

The vehicle to have its battery removed, or a new battery loaded, is backed up to one of the two platforms so that the opened end of the battery-compartment is against the loading table. These platforms are really a sort of double flat car, with their tops on a level with the floor, and arranged so that car and vehicle may be moved from side to side. In this position, the further handling of the cab and batteries for loading and unloading is entirely under the control of the crane-operator, who, from his cage suspended midway from the crane, has moved the crane so as to place himself directly behind the conveyer table. Here he has the hydraulic valves for operating the loading machinery. A turn of one valve, and the vehicle is shifted into proper horizontal position by the hydraulic cylinders on each side, and the operation of another valve actuates the hydraulic lifting-jack beneath the vehicle, and raises the body from its supporting springs. Having aligned the vehicle with the loading table, a hydraulic plunger directly behind the table is set into action. Out it shoots across the conveyer table, grips the battery-box still in the vehicle, and, by another turn of the valve by the operator, pulls it out upon the table. A pull on an adjacent lever starts the electric motor operating the conveyer table into action, and the removed battery is shifted under any one of the eight crane hoists. Now the crane machinery begins to play its part. A turn of an electric switch, and down comes the hoisting grapple, grips the battery-box, raises it from the table, and the operation of the crane motor now carries it back into the battery-room, where it is lowered to its respective charging table and automatically connected with the charging wires. When, however, it is intended to load the vehicle with another battery, the crane-operator, before bringing the crane to the loading table, picks up a fresh battery from its stand, and after having raised the old set from the conveyer, lowers the new, shifts it into position in line with the vehicle, and pushes it into the battery-compartment by the hydraulic plunger. All that now remains is to release the hydraulic aligning apparatus, and the freshly charged cab is ready to depart. The writer has seen a cab come in from the street, enter the loading platform, and go out again, all inside of four minutes. The perfection of modern mechanism is beautifully illustrated by the fact that the one man in the crane cage operates the entire composite machine, and the observer can scarcely appreciate that the removal and replacing of a battery equipment means the shifting about of two parcels weighing about twelve hundred pounds each.

If a vehicle is to be put out of service after being unloaded, it is moved from the loading platform by a couple of workmen, thoroughly washed and cleaned, and then lifted to the storage-floor by the rear electric elevator. When wanted again, it is lowered by another elevator, further in front, and shifted to the loading position. Electric current for charging the batteries is obtained from the Edison wires, which are brought into the building, and an elaborate switchboard for controlling the current is located on the wall adjacent to the main entrance, while the actual charging of the batteries is automatically provided for by other electrical appliances in the battery-room.

JOSEPH SACHS.



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BISMARCK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.[*]

I.

In Wagner's operas which form the Nibelungen tetralogy the "Giant's motive" with its suggestion of elemental strength, and in his "Parsifal" the "Klingsor motive" with its suggestion of the wizard's castle of enchantment, occur only here and there, and in contrast with wholly different motives and themes—love-songs of men and birds, even choruses of flower-maidens who tempt young Parsifal—"flowers the enchanter plucks in spring, fragrant spirits growing here in summer and sun."

Now fancy an opera containing giants' and wizards' motives in great variety, but almost nothing weaker, very little that is less significant. Such an opera would correspond, in the world of music, to these Thoughts and Recollections. In all literature the work has not its fellow, unless one goes back to the Latin classics, and finds in Cæsar's *De Bello Gallico* the same chance to be at a great leader's side and in his confidence while tracing the course of important events. The massiveness of Bismarck's thought has its full effect. The sentences march like an army, coming to the point with certainty, but from many sides at once. The reader is conscious of immediate contact with an epoch-making personality, compares biography with autobiography, and gratefully realizes that, in the latter form, his contemplation of a great life cannot be disturbed by the intrusion of a little biographer with his own little "thoughts and recollections." The reader wants to be the only little man present.

And quite beyond the selfish enjoyment of this companionship lies a fact that soon becomes almost startlingly apparent: we must study our Bismarck all over again, from the beginning, forgetting much that we have fancied we knew about him. His own statements, not merely in regard to motives and relations with contemporaries, but as to some of the most important facts connected with the consolidation and expansion of Germany, tempt us to make a new application of the saying, *vere scire est per causas scire:* to know truly how the new German Empire was created, we must know Bismarck's life as it is now revealed with authority for the first time.

An impression that may not seem of equal importance or interest to everybody is one a careful reader cannot miss in these columns touching Bismarck's Americanism. "It has never seemed to me that noble birth could compensate for lack of ability," he says. In chapter iii., he complains that Friedrich Wilhelm IV. lets slip opportunities to control current events—the vital things—because of a fantastic attachment to certain methods of procedure—mere questions of form. In chapter iv. we find Bismarck ready to turn his hand to anything at a moment's notice, with American adaptability. Manteuffel asked him, quite unexpectedly, whether he would accept a foreign mission, and the reply was, simply, "Yes." Thereupon the King sent for him, and said, "You have a great deal of courage to undertake so unconditionally an office for which you have not been specially trained." "I replied," says Bismarck: "'The courage is all on the side of your Majesty ....I have the courage to obey, if you have the courage to command.'" It would be easy to cite many other passages proving that precisely those characteristics which differentiated Bismarck from his diplomatic associates and made him often an enigma to them, now make him appear to have been more like one of ourselves. Americans will win much nearer to him than ever before, and those who like to find a timely note in every new book will presently be saying that Bismarck's story shows what thorough training is required to make a statesman, what courses of study, what patient preparation, will fit our young men for the public service, now that our territory is to be enlarged.

A rather singular thing is that there seems to have been no period in the years of Bismarck's young manhood when he deplored a lack of recognition. He instinctively knew that indifference or opposition to his plans was not to be resented, but to be studied as problems, and it is a mark of his strength from the outset that he never doubted his ability to master any problem. A single admission of sensitiveness occurs in the second volume, chapter xxi., where he says that before, during, and after the Austrian campaign of 1866 his various conflicts of opinion with the King and the military leaders had so affected him that he was in need of rest and recreation; when reviewing his relations with Friedrich Wilhelm, however, as he does in chapter xxxiii., he disclaims all sensitiveness in the most striking terms. His master, in the main, trusted and liked him—thus he reasoned within himself; explosions of anger and "irregularities" should therefore be accepted as one accepts inclement weather or a storm at sea. It is futile to struggle against the *vis major;* and besides, he says, he loved the man. And presently we find him confessing: "The King himself, one day in 1865, in speaking with my wife, praised the skill with which I could anticipate and—this he added after a pause—guide his intentions."

II.

These pages, written in 1891–2, deal with events from 1832 onward. It is obvious that space for the treatment of essential things in the history of Europe during sixty years could be made only by careful omission of the unessential. Bismarck takes as his starting-point the influences which determined his choice of a career—his environment at school and university, his inherited tendencies; next he shows us the young lawyer (Auscultator) waiting for a favorable opportunity to engage in Prussia's diplomatic service, and meantime accepting an assignment to divorce-court practice—in which there occurred moments of embarrassment, as when he, a boy of twenty years, attempted to reconcile an angry married couple. But he learned how to face trying situations without embarrassment. When his speech in the first united Landtag called forth a storm of opposition (1847) he kept his place in the tribune, and read a newspaper until the noise subsided. Then he finished his speech.

The action grows stronger and the narration more lively in the second chapter. The revolution of 1848 called for masterful interposition at Berlin, and Bismarck's free activity formed a striking contrast to the powerlessness of other friends of the King, fettered as they were by tradition.

Bismarck's first visit at Sans Souci, which occurred in June, 1848, did not give promise of very friendly relations with the King. After dinner the King led his unwilling guest out on the terrace, and questioning him about his disposition, etc., received gruff answers. The Queen, who had been listening from a place of concealment, came forward from the shrubbery and demanded: "How can you speak so to your King?" "Lass mich nur, Elise," said the King, and then turning to Bismarck, asked what fault he had to find with him. "The evacuation of Berlin," was the blunt answer. "That was not according to my wish," replied the King. And the Queen, who had remained within ear-shot, added, "That is not at all the King's fault; he had not been able to sleep for three days." "A King *must* be able to sleep," said Bismarck.

At this time Friedrich Wilhelm was already anxious to secure Bismarck's services, but we know how the latter felt in regard to this suggestion, even after the King had given him repeated and substantial proofs of his benevolence. "I was convinced," he writes, "that the position of minister to the King would prove untenable for me. He regarded me as an egg that he himself had laid and hatched, and he would always have had the idea, when it came to differences of opinion, that the egg wanted to be cleverer than the hen." In other words, although this is not expressed in our text, Bismarck decided not to assume the dependent relation until his own growing reputation should have assured him a further measure of independence. What the King thought of him at this time is shown in the royal letter of introduction (June 5, 1852) to the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, in which the writer says that "Herr von Bismarck-Schönhausen belongs to a noble family which has been longer resident in our marches than my own, and which from the beginning, and especially in its present representative, has preserved its ancient virtues." It is rather amusing to read, in this immediate connection, that when Bismarck took to dancing for the sake of his health, the King objected. It seems that in 1849–50 the duties of his office kept Bismarck hard at work from eight o'clock until four, and sometimes later, and his need of exercise could only be satisfied at night. At one of the court balls a lady asked him to take the place of her partner, who could not be found, and after this experience of the cotillon he "enjoyed a more natural sleep than in a long time before"; and so, very properly, he continued the practice after he had become minister. His own expression is: "I did not refuse when I was invited to dance by ladies I knew or by the Princesses, but always had to hear sarcastic observations on the subject from the King, who said to me, for example: 'I am reproached with having chosen a frivolous minister. You should not strengthen the impression by dancing.' The Princesses were then forbidden to choose me for a partner."

A curious blend of diplomatic cunning with manliness is given in the fifth section of the ninth chapter. Bismarck was appointed ambassador to St. Petersburg in 1859. On the day set for his departure the banker Levinstein proposed his participation in a financial scheme which would net him twenty thousand thalers a year, on the condition that he should practically represent Austrian as well as Prussian interests at the Russian capital. Bismarck saw in this proposal an opportunity to secure for future use documentary evidence as to Austrian political methods, and so affected to consider the matter. Levinstein would not agree to make his offer in writing, but increased his bribe to thirty thousand thalers. "After I was convinced that I could not get any written evidence, I requested Levinstein to leave me, and made ready to go out. He followed me to the stairs.... Only when I called his attention to the steepness of the steps and to my physical superiority did he run down stairs ahead of me and leave me."

According to his own statement, this strong man's strongest foe was a woman, and the first passage in which he expresses his full appreciation of her hostility is perhaps the most emphatic of all. "I was obliged to recognize in Queen Augusta," he writes, "the antagonist who has most severely tested my ability to stand for what I thought my duty," and he adds that the hardest trial of his life, so far as nerves or temper was concerned, had the same source. A difficult situation is sketched in chapter vi., where he tells us that at the breakfast table the Queen made a practice of expounding her views to her husband, the subject of the "Vortrag" being letters and newspaper articles on questions of the public policy which sometimes had been inspired or edited by her for this special use. But when Bismarck took occasion to intimate that certain letters might have been procured by the Queen with the assistance of her "special politician," Herr von Schleinitz, the King, with his chivalrous sentiment, interposed absolutely in his wife's favor, and was inclined to forbid that one should believe a thing of that sort *even if it were true.* Little by little the minister learned to decide, in cases where his master would not consent to reasonable proposals, whether this opposition was based upon sincere conviction or was but the fulfilment of a promise made to the Queen. If the former, then there was hope of reaching an agreement and securing the necessary approval. If, on the other hand, the Queen's sharp speeches at breakfast, and the letters and articles written *ad hoc*, and her Majesty's insinuations that he would not sustain the views to which she had brought him "when he came to meet Bismarck" had wrung a promise from the King, then his arguments would be illogical. "Ei der Tausend!" the King would exclaim, finally, at the end of his dialectic resources; and "I knew then," Bismarck observes, "that my contest had not been with the King, but with his wife." The struggle was wellnigh life-long: now it is "König" and "Königin," again "Kaiser" and "Kaiserin," but always the same antagonism. One reads with regret that the Kaiser in the last years of his life gave up trying to keep his secret in Bismarck's presence, and referred to his wife as "the hot-head" (*der Feuerkopf*). By that time, no doubt, the two old friends, armed against the rest of the world, were thoroughly off their guard in confidential talks with each other. But Bismarck's account of his relations with this lady, whom he elsewhere characterizes as "courageous, sustained by a high sense of duty," closes with an exquisite touch. Her last letter to him was dated December 24, 1888. Bismarck notices that "the signature is in her own hand, but very different from the firm characters in which the Kaiserin used formerly to write."

It is especially in connection with the Empress Augusta that Bismarck records the oppressive sense of the superiority of French and English civilization that prevailed among Germans. She was the most brilliant of all those who held that a Frenchman, and even more an Englishman, by virtue of his nationality and birth, was superior to the German—was a "vornehmeres Wesen."

Of course Bismarck's whole thoroughbred nature protested against this conviction, not merely as a heresy, but even as treachery to the German national cause, which he had made his own. It is amusing to see what comfort he took in the misconduct of guests at Versailles when he visited Count Hatzfeldt at Paris in the summer of 1855. He "retired with the comforting impression that... the breeding and manners of the courtiers at home... were on a higher plane than in Paris, and that the time had passed for taking a thorough course in politeness and good behavior in France."

III.

Far and away the most absorbing portions of the whole story are those that enable the reader to trace the growth of this German national sentiment into a conviction so absolute that at the last, when the critical moment before the war of 1870–1 arrived, Bismarck stood practically alone, upholding the nation's honor when the King and his generals despaired. France had been hunting for a cause of war against Prussia of such a nature that the other German states would not be drawn into the conflict, and thought she had found such a pretext in the dispute touching the Spanish succession, for the candidate approved in Germany and Spain itself bore the name Hohenzollern. Bismarck's brief and clear analysis of the situation in 1870, as it is presented in volume ii., chapter xxii., puts the intolerable character of Louis Napoleon's pretentions and the "international shamelessness" of his methods in the clearest light. But the Prussian King and Queen, far from having an intimation of Sedan, feared another Jena, and would have kept the peace, no matter what humiliation a peaceful course involved. Was there ever such a lack of genuine information in respect to the actual state of affairs? Consider for a moment what was happening at the same time, say, on that July 13, when Bismarck, Count Roon, and von Moltke sat at table, and when the famous despatch from Ems was received. Bismarck says that when he questioned Moltke in regard to military preparations the general replied that if war was inevitable he could see no advantage in delaying its outbreak: in his opinion, it would, on the whole, be more advantageous to let hostilities begin quickly than to postpone them. Bismarck accepted this statement with implicit confidence, and he gives in full the considerations that led him to the conclusion that war could be avoided only at the cost of Prussian honor and Prussian leadership among German states. But in Prussian honor and in the confidence which Prussia invited and inspired the hope of Germany was placed. The cause of German nationality was at stake.

Now the Ems despatch, really a communication from the King, though signed by Abeken, showed a vacillating spirit and a disposition to prolong negotiations at Berlin, and yet it was in part courageous enough. Bismarck edited it; omitted all that savored of yielding; retained all that sounded most courageous; telegraphed the revised message to all the German embassies, and gave it to the press for publication. "Now that has a different sound," said Moltke. "It sounded like a parley before; now like a *fanfare* in reply to a challenge." "We must fight..." said Bismarck.

Friedrich Wilhelm had been conducting the negotiations in person, without consulting his minister. In other words, the executive in whose hands was all the power to offer peace or war did not correct his wholly erroneous impressions as to the relative strength of the French and German armies. He regarded the French military power as incomparably superior, and his own forces as so inadequate that nothing less than acceptance of French insult and withdrawal before French threats could prevent his losing the laurels won in '66. Such was his view. The facts were that the French army was unprepared, and his own probably the most efficient that the world had ever known. "He was seventy-three years old," says Bismarck, "and he loved peace.... I have been told that Queen Augusta implored her husband, with tears, before he left Ems for Berlin, to remember Jena and Tilsit, and to avert the war. I regard the report as credible—all but the tears."

We know also, though not from these pages, how thoroughly Louis Napoleon was deceived in respect to the effective strength and equipment of his army. It would seem, in view of these disclosures, that the monarchical form of government is not perfectly adapted to the conduct of war. In the twenty-third chapter (vol. ii.) we read of a lack of siege-guns in the Prussian army before Paris, unnecessary delay in forwarding ammunition and guns to the front, etc., as at Santiago.

But we must not leave the party of three who met at Bismarck's table on that 13th of July without noting the effect produced when the revised Ems despatch was read aloud. Moltke and Roon had been so depressed at the prospect of their King's yielding to France that they scorned food and drink. When they heard the words, "We *must* fight," and the other hearty words that followed, in which Bismarck explained that there was really no further doubt about the matter, "they suddenly got back the desire to eat and drink, and spoke gayly...." Moltke's tranquil passivity was laid aside; his usual moderation in speech was forgotten; he looked up toward the ceiling and smote his breast, as he said, "If I live to see that—to lead our army in such a war—as soon as it's over, the devil may take this old carcass, for all I care!"

I have been looking through the letters that have been published from Emperor William I. to Bismarck, and notice that the usual conclusion is, *Ihr dankbarer* (grateful) *Wilhelm.*

Until one gets used to the heavy tread, it seems almost as though a giant were walking—as we hold the book in our hands and forget the page in realizing the scenes and letting the actors live, and ourselves living with them. But the colossal figure is well proportioned, not clumsy and unskilful, in the usual fashion of the tribe of giants. And so of the book we may say that it is an adequate expression of great themes—deliberate, full, judicial in style, as the subject requires in the main, and yet proving that the writer possessed a really wonderful adaptability, exemplified in some of the passages in a lighter vein which we have cited.

Marrion Wilcox.

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[*] *Bismarck the Man and the Statesman. Written and Dictated by Himself after his Retirement from Office.* Volumes I. and II. New York: Harper & Brothers. *Gedanken und Erinnerungen,* etc. The present review is based upon the advance sheets of the German edition.

A CANADIAN SUGGESTION.

Sir J. D. Edgar, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, suggests that England should cede the island of Jamaica to Uncle Sam in exchange for one of the Eastern States.—DAILY PAPER.

GOOD for Sir J. D. Edgar! What a wondrous man is he!
A statesman past all question, and of glorious policy.
He'd give our nation ginger, if we'll give to his a State,
But just which one he'd like to have he does not indicate.

Can it be Maine, Sir Edgar wants? We can't believe it so,
Unless it be this Baronet is blind, and does not know
That up in Maine they've got a chap of genius rich and rare,
Who'd send him flying speedily from out the Speaker's chair.

New Hampshire? For a moment just suppose we acquiesce,
And Canada gets Chandler—it is much more than a guess,
With Chandler to digest, the realm will surely need to take
Quite all the stock of ginger that Jamaica well can make,

Vermont? Where once Green Mountain boys laid Edgar's fellows out?
Shall Yankees let a loyalty that's never known a doubt
Go from their midst at any price—for any fabled sum?
Not even for a corner in your grand old stock of rum!

Perhaps it's Massachusetts that has caught the Speaker's eye—
The grand old brainy Commonwealth whose name shall never die.
Egad! we'll never part with that, Sir Edgar may be sure,
For if we did, what would become of Yankee literature?

Shall old Hosea Biglow become a mere Kanuck?
Is mere colonial fame indeed to be Longfellow's luck?
Are Dr. Holmes, and Emerson, and treasured Hawthorne too,
To be swapped off for Edgar's folk of dark and swarthy hue?

Connecticut? No, never! While Mark Twain doth pace the earth
We are not going to part with this fair home of cherished mirth.
A cry would rise to heaven that should make us all desist
From ever turning Twain into a British Humorist!

And Rhody? Little Rhody? Pretty baby-boy of States—
We'll never let dear Rhody go a-wandering from our gates.
The mass would ne'er condone an act whose very nature robs
Them of belovèd Newport and its azure-blooded nobs.

And so it seems not feasible, this plan of Sir J. D.
We cannot do without our East, as far as we can see;
But if the failure of his scheme is going to make him blue,
To swap for old Jamaica how would Blackwells Island do?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

PUERTO RICO.

THE HOME LIFE OF THE PEOPLE.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

IT is a hospitality highly seasoned with garlic and sweet-oil which the true-born Puertoriqueño proffers to Americans, but it is no less beautiful in sentiment, for all of its odoriferousness.

Perhaps never before in history have a foreign people, who talk an alien language, and who have been trained under a monarchical system for centuries, so gladly and with open hands extended welcome to a nation who differed from them in physique, customs, habits of thinking, and religion, as have the Spanish-speaking Puertoriqueños received the Americans. That some of this evident display of friendship is due to politic motives on the part of individuals is no less true, but it would be a mean and small spirit which would attribute to mercenary motives alone the constant extension of the right hand of good-fellowship which has met the army on all sides since its advent on the island.

There are many circumstances which have combined to bring about a felicitous relationship with America. For centuries Puerto Rico has lain in the grasp of the military; a few and much-favored number of men controlled the political and financial reins of the island, to their own personal betterment and self-aggrandizement. They kept down in poverty those who could be of little use to them by the basest and most open discrimination. They built up those who were willing to share their daily profits of hard labor with the gold and lace bedecked, and yet even those who were successful through their fawning upon the governmental representatives were not at all sure that their tenure of favor would be continuous. In a sentence, it has always been possible for the politico-military body, in whose hands rested the fate of the island population, to make a man powerful and rich and to beggar him as easily.

The process has brought about a social and financial condition in Puerto Rico not possible in the United States, and quite incomprehensible to our people. It has meant abject poverty to the great mass of the inhabitants, It has meant almost as low a rate of wage for the laboring-classes as in China. It has meant that the poor man can never be a landholder It has meant that the land-owner, unless in high favor, must grind the vitals out of his peons, with scant profit to himself, after government excises and official tips have been paid. It has meant that a few, a very few, might become rich and prosperous, and it has meant, most of all, that no one, except the handful of men in despotic power, has had the slightest voice in moulding the laws governing a million people.

It is little wonder, then, that these same people stretch out their weak hands in joy, with the manacles riven at last, toward a government whose very spirit is supposed to breathe the perfume of individual freedom. May we meet the expectations of these people in full, and may the greed of American legislators and American financiers do no overt act which will lower the standard of our government as the Puertoriqueños fancy it.

There is a handful of Spanish malcontents in Puerto Rico—men who hate American institutions, men who have been favored under the old régime, who bitterly dislike the change; but how large this element really is will probably never be known, as it is masked under the Spanish smile of approbation, always ready to stab in the back.

The home life of well-to-do natives is extremely simple, due largely to the fact that excessive duties, lack of transportation facilities, and abominable roads—except the military roads—have militated against the introduction into their homes of the comforts which we consider so essential to life.

Even the finest haciendas are meagre and barren in their interior fittings. The floors are always bare. The walls have few pic-

(*Continued on page 1212.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, as a baby food from the hour of birth, stands without a competitor, presenting as it does the most perfect preparation of milk for the use of infants.—[*Adv.*]

"VIOLETS OF THE CZAR."

How true it is that a name rightly chosen is a sure, guarantee of success! At this hour, when throwing as food to the attentive mind of man the most beautiful dream of humanity which an Emperor could conceive, the Czar, already so great, becomes idolized in the eyes of all nations, for, emanating from the soft and beautiful flowers of the Russian soil, a fragrant perfume spreads itself all over the world, fills it with its troubling breath, and conquers all women by its permeating sweetness: it is the "VIOLETS OF THE CZAR," that subtle perfume from the great Parisian firm, ORIZA-LEGRAND, whose universal vogue is now so easily explained.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

INDIGESTION an unknown quantity where Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters—is the adopted tonic. —[*Adv.*]

No Christmas Table is complete without Dr SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the finest appetizer —[*Adv.*]

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GREAT WESTERN Champagne

Pure, palatable, purchasable. No fancy price for a foreign label. Will be served, if you call for it, at all first-class cafes, clubs, and buffets.

The present vintage is especially pleasing and extra dry.

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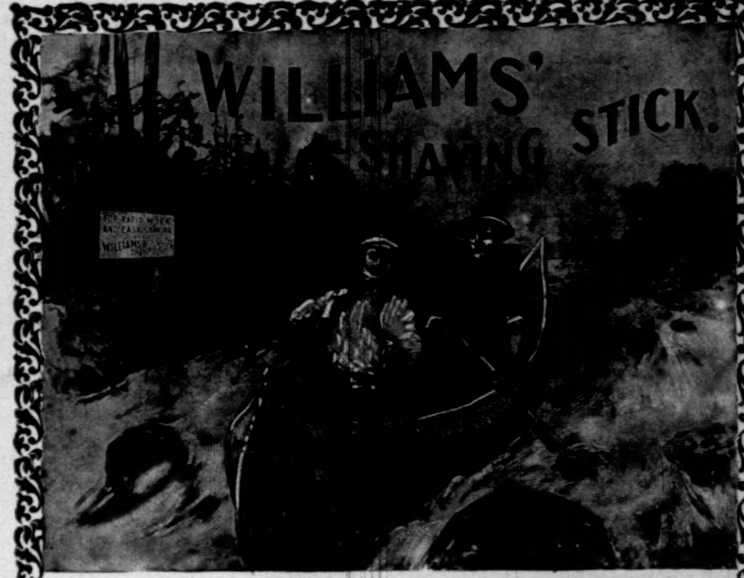

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THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF
"HARPER'S WEEKLY"

will be published next week, and will be the regular issue for December 17. It will contain forty-four pages, including an illuminated cover, a double-page Supplement in colors drawn by HOWARD PYLE; *a Christmas story by* FRANK R. STOCKTON, *with colored illustrations by* ALBERT E. STERNER; *a Ghost Story by* JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, *illustrated by* G. VERBEEK; *a Cuban Christmas Story by* HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, *illustrated by* HENRY MCCARTER; *full-page Christmas Drawings by* ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD, W. A. ROGERS, F. S. CHURCH, H. C. CHRISTY, H. M. WILDER *and* TAPPAN ADNEY; *besides the usual news features and regular departments.*

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Our name spells—
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New York Warerooms SOHMER BUILDING
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(*Continued from page 1211.*)

tures, though now and then one is surprised to see a clever paintings by one of the masters of the modern French school. The usual wall decoration affected is a pair of Spanish bass-reliefs in colored plaster or papier-maché. Chromos and vilely executed wood-cuts often make an appearance, and seem frightfully out of touch with the oftentimes beautiful architectural finish of the drawing-rooms, whose wide doorless archways are framed in carved woods and relieved of severity by scroll latticework.

Marble-topped mahogany tables with carved legs occupy the centres of the rooms. On them are flowering plants, vases of artificial flowers, and the photograph-album, and above the table is a hanging-lamp or chandelier, usually of cut glass, with a profusion of swinging prisms, sometimes gaudily decorated with bright-colored ribbons or festooned with artificial vines and flowers.

Cane-seated furniture is used exclusively. The great rolling rocking-chairs constitute the principal furniture, with a sprinkling of straight-backed chairs and cane settees. Many of these chairs would set the lover of novel forms and finely carved furniture wild, for numbers of them are rare antiques handed down for generations. The woods of the carved furniture are heavy and highly polished, while the more modern is lighter, without carving, depending upon the twisted and bent frames for beauty, and it is invariably painted a rich black.

Incongruous decoration is seen in every home, in the way of cheap porcelain vases, covered dishes with moulded figures upon them, antimacassars and tidies on the chairs, while in the doorways hang the cheapest of cheap lace curtains, held back by brass chains, with perhaps near by some pieces of wonderful hand-made native lace or drawn-work.

The mathematical precision with which all the furniture is placed in a well-regulated household always creates a thrill of horror in the æsthetic breast. Around the centre table, equally spaced, are the great rocking-chairs; against one wall, like guarding sentries, are the straight-backed chairs; while flat against the other wall is placed a cane couch or two. Even in the governor's summer palace this primness in furniture arrangement was found. Out on the broad balconies encased in closed white shutters, the beautiful chairs were also ranged down the side walls, with the tables in the centre, for all the world like a dairy lunch-room.

The beds of brass and metal are dreams in design, covered with canopies of lace, having auxiliary mosquito-netting gathered up on the top during the day and let down at night. Wardrobes, and not closets, are used for clothes. Heavy carved dressing-tables, bureaus, and wash-stands are often seen, but to the majority these have been too great luxuries. Now and then one sees mirrors framed in heavy antique frames, which are delightful in their symmetry.

Bad soap is found everywhere, and a single comb and brush seem to meet the needs of the family. One seldom sees manicure sets, though the powder-puff and rouge are in evidence in every well-conducted house. The lack of toilet articles, dressing-stands, chiffonniers, and pier-glasses is painful to those who are familiar with the profusion of implements of dainty toilet.

The dining-room is always quite bare, with the exception of the table, and perhaps a side table, which holds the multitude of dishes for an ordinary dinner.

The kitchen has much of interest and novelty, and much dirt and many squalid children, which it is better not to see near meal-time. Modern ranges are seldom a portion of the culinary furniture, and when they do make an appearance they subserve the end of a quick-baking apparatus, in lieu of the slowly heated brick ovens of an older period. Every house has its charcoal cooking-pit, built out of brick, waist-high, the top of the bench being covered with a series of small square grated holes, over which pots and kettles and frying-pans are placed. The charcoal fire, in a country where coal is expensive and gas unknown, is an ideal fuel for cooking foods. It makes a quick hot fire with a minimum amount of fuel, and the many small holes permit a large number of dishes to be cooked and kept hot at the same time.

The opinion of most of the volunteer privates who have seen duty in Puerto Rico is that the population consists of a lot of Dagos linked together to see how much they can raise the price of every commodity, and to steal everything they can lay their hands upon. A striking exception among enlisted men to this state of feeling were the Fourth Ohio boys, who went home gladly, but with regret at leaving a people who did everything they could for their comfort. Their good fortune was the result of a kindly spirit, which imbued the entire regiment, exhibited toward the native population, and reciprocated in full meed by them. There is no intention to criticise other organizations, for the men lived hard lives in a hot climate, and were homesick and discontented, but there has been shown over and over again a wilful malice by a certain type of volunteers, resulting in ordering and cuffing the natives about, as if they considered them conquered animals instead of human allies and friends. This conduct in a few towns has thrown the volunteers out of touch with a people who, from habit at least, if not from better feeling, are inclined to show courtesy and graciousness to the military.

Those whose actions have been tinged with good intentions toward the native population have received a cheerful welcome, which has made many a lonely heart feel that service in Puerto Rico was not all hardship.

The officers have always been received in the best houses, where they have shown themselves appreciative of hospitality extended in a manner not known even in the United States. Everything in the Puertoriqueño houses has been theirs—from the host's horses to his underwear and collar-buttons. His entertainers struggle to cook American dishes, and swell with pride when they obtain American fruits, cheese, and crackers for their tables.

A swell dinner in a Puertoriqueño home is a trying gastronomic ceremony. The menu is made up of astonishing viands, and the dishes seem to follow no conventional sequence in their procession to the table. Soup is as apt to be the second or third dish as the first. Roast beef and beefsteak are served at most unheard-of moments. The disastrous effect of a meat diet in tropical climes has been dwelt upon by medical experts, yet at one dinner no less than eight meat dishes were served—combinations of bacon, of ham, of kidney, of beef, and of chicken.

The following is the menu of a dinner given to two Americans by a rich sugar-planter: Fried eggs and two fried corn-cakes. Vegetable soup filled with garlic. "Gondinga" (a hash made of chopped kidneys and liver, seasoned with garlic and split olives). Larded beef, cooked juiceless and hard, flavored with garlic and oil. Beefsteak, onions, and garlic, fried in oil, and served in overdone fragments. Potatoes, sweet and Irish. Rice and scrambled eggs. Guava jelly in rectangular blocks. Cocoanut and brown sugar. American apples and cream cheese. Coffee and cigars. Champagne.

Claret was served through the entire dinner, and the coffee was either black or served with hot milk. Broken bread was kept always at hand.

There are many queer dishes—for example, vermicelli soup with whole pork chops, sausages, and tomatoes incorporated made its appearance on one table; on another was a boned goose stuffed with sweet red peppers, olives, and garlic; at still another, roast chicken stuffed with sausages, and the usual olives and garlic.

Sweet peppers bathed in olive oil are a common relish.

Garavansa, a succulent pea, not unlike a cooked chestnut in flavor, is a national Spanish dish. Frijoles, the Spanish red bean, comes on as a separate course. A number of dulces or sweetmeats are used, the oddest one being peanut taffy with chopped garlic.

Deviled land-crabs are a novel dish, and would be pleasant tasting minus the olive oil.

Aguacotas, or alligator-pear, a salad-plant, is eaten often in one of the earlier courses, with salt, pepper, and olive oil or wine vinegar.

Oranges and small bananas form another dinner course. Dry native goat-cheese, hand made, is used very commonly and widely. Sweet-potato soup is good and nourishing. The bread is generally better than ours, and is a close approximate to French bread.

Dinner is served, one article of food at a time, and the plates, knives, and forks are changed each time. At least a dozen such changes take place during a single meal.

Smoking goes on at the table, with the ladies present, and unfinished cigars are carried into the drawing-room.

The table decorations consist of a huge bouquet of native flowers, which are magnificent in their profusion and variety.

Napkins, where used, are generally as large as towels, but in many of the interior towns table-linen is at a premium, and it is slightly shocking to catch a pretty black-eyed señorita slyly wiping her rose-bud mouth on the edge of the table-cloth.

Rum, white wines, and cognac are brought out before and after dinner, and at any time the host may think the American taste craves stimulation, though in the daily life of the average Puertoriqueño he is remarkably abstemious, drinking perhaps before dinner a brandy and water, and before breakfast a little white wine.

The native early-morning meal is a cup of coffee with milk—addiction to the black-coffee habit does not exist on the island—and a piece of bread. Breakfast is served at eleven or twelve o'clock, and is seldom elaborate, unless guests are in the house. Boiled eggs, bread, and coffee satisfy the ordinary man, but the hungry man eats his garlicky beefsteak in addition.

Dinner is *the* meal of the day, and is eaten between six and seven o'clock. This is the native's only full heavy meal, and this fact may account for his ability to eat a quantity of food which leaves the average American a victim to indigestion and remorse.

The positions of honor at a dinner table are, among the older and non-travelled residents, in the following order: the head of the table to the most distinguished guest; the rest, in the order of their rank and importance, ranged around to the right, the host occupying the last seat after his guests. The women sit at the left of the table, all together. Among the more cultured classes the host occupies the head, the hostess the foot, the places of honor being the seats to the right and left of the host.

The evenings in the home—for instance, of an alcalde, the mayor of a town—are spent around the centre of the marble-topped table, lazily rocking to and fro in the big chairs. The men smoke their cigarettes—the women never smoke—and a flow of small-talk, filled with simple jokes and sallies, constitutes the entire evening's amusement. Where they have pianos, the daughters exhibit their limited skill on instruments which are jangled and out of tune. One never sees a book or a magazine in these houses, though in two or three of the larger cities there are many literary men. Reading is not a strong point of the island population. The women are pictures of self-complacent indolence in the evenings, though it must be understood that Puerto Rico women are far more assiduous in their interest in the household economy than are the women of the other Spanish-speaking territories of North America.

Every little comfort which these people can provide for the stranger within their gates is offered with a whole-souled cordiality that appeals to the heart by its true and unaffected ring, and, as Americans coming among them, we should remember that by meeting this spirit measure for measure we shall follow one pathway to a sincere and lasting mutuality of interests.

WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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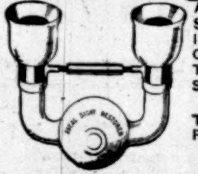

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AMATEVR · SPORT

THE MOST SATISFACTORY EXHIBIT of the out-door athletic year, which may be said to close with the football season, was the unusually intelligent attitude of the press and the public towards sport—amateur and professional. Hitherto unreasoning partisanship and unreasonable prejudice have provided two irreconcilable elements—one that would see nothing beneficial and one that could see nothing harmful in sport. A few passing ills of the game closed the eyes of the first to all its vigorous beneficial virtues, and impulsive exaltation of those virtues and improvident partisanship have as completely shut the eyes of the other to the danger attending immoderate athletic indulgence.

Both were ignorant, both garrulous and unconvincing. Neither evinced any conception of the potentialities of sport healthfully and sensibly conducted; or of its influence upon the physical and moral welfare of Young America; or of obvious accomplishments in a wholesome direction, and the promise of eventual well-being that was assured by the character of men who had interested themselves in the work.

Since the dangers of the football craze which beset us four years ago have been met and overcome, the friends of amateur sport have increased greatly in numbers and in influence. Correspondingly, knowledge of the purpose and value of sport has been spreading. The newspapers have assigned more intellectual members of their staff to the amateur branch of their sporting departments, and the public therefore reads better-written sporting news, and comment that, much more often than formerly, upholds honesty and wholesomeness, and condemns the practices that argue for mere winning at any cost.

THIS YEAR IT LOOKS as though all the better class of newspapers had at length discovered—(1) the difference between a sportsman and a sporting-man; (2) that the vigorous play of our games makes for manly, morally and physically heathful men; (3) that sport is not to be condemned because, as in every other department of human endeavor, it has shortcomings amenable to repair; (4) that the sport of sportsmen is not to be confounded with the physical efforts of cads and muckers; (5) that the destiny of college sport is in the care of those who will not tolerate its serious misdirection; (6) that dispassionate fair treatment of sport situations is better business, and certain to gain more respectful attention, than ignorance, prejudice, and hysterics—all three of which have been on view in, for instance, many an absurd and wholesale condemnation of football to which I could point.

THE LAST TWO YEARS HAVE PROVED that football is neither the professionalizing nor the bone-crushing and muscle-lacerating engine some of the game's commentators proclaimed it to be in 1895. So also the evils of '95, declared by the same critics to be irremediable and disastrous, have yielded to the guiding influences that were at work even while these gentle bigoted souls shuddered in dismay over the game's present vandalism and its future dissolution. A few there were of the dailies that realized the value of sport as a wholesome element in the school and college days of our boys and young men, and their discernment was speedily rewarded by a greatly increased patronage of their sport department. There is yet seen now and again an attempt to sensationalize and bear false witness—but only by those who are reckless of facts in their madness to exaggerate or underrate that with which they are on no congenial footing—two schools of journalism whose extreme doctrines the pulsing, intelligent, self-respecting man leaves—the first, to the proletariat, whose intellectual food needs high color to be impressionable; the second, to the impotent and querulous, who, daring to venture nothing themselves, hate those with healthful minds and bodies, those that have hope and spirit and energy, and are not afraid or soured. New York suffers under the most flagrant exponents of both schools.

THE MOST PLEASING EVIDENCE of the new spirit, and the most important one, for its influence is wide, has been given by the spectators at baseball and football games during the year. Several years ago rowdyism at the professional baseball games, slugging on the football fields, and fake bicycling races excited no adverse comment among the spectators—indeed, they seemed to consider it part of the game, and to like it. I am speaking now more particularly of the West and some parts of the South. Last year there were mutterings of disapproval by the spectators on such occasions, and this year there has been no equivocal expression of opinion by the spectators where they have been the witnesses of rowdyism or slugging or faking. Here in our midst in New York we have noted the by no means uncertain exclamations of disapproval and disgust at the hoodlum spirit displayed in the professional baseball matches. Last year, when the eleven of the Kansas University gained unenviable notoriety by slugging its opponents in contests, we heard very little local comment; this year, however, we find the same college team vigorously and very generally condemned by the Missouri Valley press. Last year the spectators of Kansas University's unsportsmanlike work said nothing; this year a general disapproval was apparent during the game, and found strong expression immediately after it.

As a team largely reflects the teachings of its coach, we fear Wiley Woodruff must have been imparting to Kansas some of those methods which drew criticism upon his own first year's work on the Univ. of Penn. team.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPECTATORS has very generally in the Middle West been emphatically against anything not fair and sportsmanly. There is no surer indication, in my opinion, of the development of a wholesome sporting spirit, of the development of the sentiment that makes for sport for sport's sake, and without which there can be no genuine growth of amateur sport. It seems to me I have never before noticed so much evidence of sport for its own sake—East and West and South—though I would not be understood as overlooking the many instances and the many directions in which the game for its own sake is an end yet to be attained.

Barring the difficulties in the Middle West among several of the larger universities, and which I expect to see work out to the good of the cause, there has been no interruption in the steady forward movement among the better college and school elements of the country. It is really very encouraging to know that the public's sense of honesty and justice has at length been aroused on the field of sport; it will lend strong support, moral and actual, to the cause of wholesome athletics.

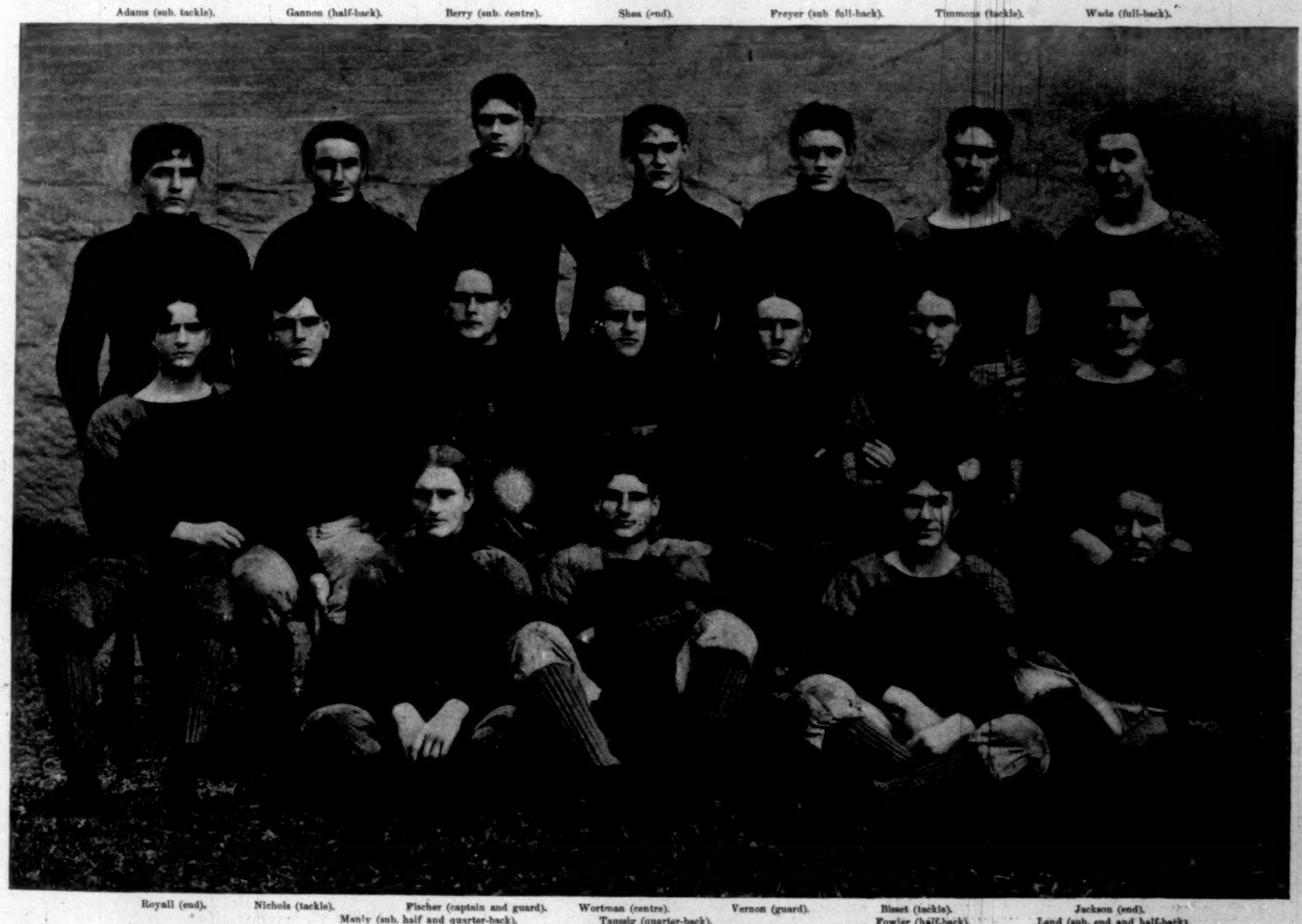
IF IT WILL REACH CLUB ATHLETICS in the West, and particularly in Chicago, there will be cause for rejoicing. Two years ago the manager of the Chicago Athletic Club football eleven, with a great show of outraged virtue, expelled several members of his football team who had engaged with a rival club to play on its team—at so much a head—for a single game. At that time the Chicago club, through its football-manager, disclaimed professional methods, and uttered vow after vow to keep the club's teams absolutely above reproach. But the same old game of reimbursing, one way and another, men who play on its football and other teams seems quite as much in evidence as before the virtuous parade in '96.

The Chicago A. A. exercises a baneful influence throughout the entire Middle Western section by the manner in which it draws athletes into its fold. Chicago University has forbidden her athletes from taking part in club competition under the colors of any organization save those of their own university association, and Ann Arbor will shortly do likewise—to be followed, we hope, by Wisconsin and all the Eastern colleges. It is needed nearly as much around New York as around Chicago. Such legislation ought not to be necessary, but apparently it is, if the present healthful spirit just budding in Western college track and field sports is not to be stifled.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS ARE DEAD in Cleveland, and have been for four years. A rowdy spirit seems to have possession of that city in the matter of sport, and sportsmen will not attend athletic games or bicycle races. Even the decline of interest in professional baseball may be traced to rowdyism on the diamond and rowdyism on the bleachers, and because of it respectable people refuse to attend the games—another indication, by-the-way, of the vastly improved sportsmanlike spirit of the public, and one of the most encouraging signs in the campaign for amateurism. The great mass of people, I find, in the Middle West, are growing more and more interested in amateur sport, and less and less interested in professional baseball, fake bicycle matches, and the wrangles that accompany both. For this very reason it is all the more regrettable that the Chicago A. A. and the chief officials of the A. A. U. in the Middle West constantly, through their methods, act as a retarding influence upon the growth of a healthy amateur spirit.

LITTLE INTEREST IN AMATEUR SPORT is taken at Columbus and Indianapolis, while Cincinnati is beginning to show some concern—perhaps through the growth of Y.M.C.A. and other gymnasium athletics there. The most pernicious state of affairs I know of anywhere is to be found in the western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio sections, where the Duquesne C.A.C. at Pittsburg, Greensburg A.C., Springfield, Akron, and other clubs are to be found. The arch-offenders are the Duquesne and Greensburg clubs, while an unwholesome spirit pervades most of the little towns, and even some of the colleges, of that entire section. Professionalism is in many cases open and confessed. It is exercising a most deleterious effect upon the game itself, to say nothing of the question of amateurism involved. Slugging in football is common, and in general the whole section needs a cleaning out. I shall have a great deal more to say on this subject and section later.

IT IS ENCOURAGING TO DISCOVER so much genuine interest in 'cross-country running as the individual cham-



THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

pionship revealed on Thanksgiving day. Perhaps there are no two games that have more to commend them than 'cross-country running and lacrosse; and certainly no two have received so little support from the colleges. There has been a slight movement in 'cross-country work within the last couple of years, but in the main this grand sport was left to the indifferent and not invariably wholesome care of the athletic clubs. There is no department of American athletics in which we are so weak. Compared with England, we are the veriest tyros; and even in Germany, just awakening to out-door sport, there is a more generally active interest than here in the United States, where 'cross-country running is among the oldest of our athletic endeavors.

And we need 'cross-country work more now, probably, than we ever did; we need it to develop distance-runners, of whom we have never had many; we need it to give our athletes stamina—the well-filled-out chests and the rounded legs that make the English athlete conspicuous, wherever he may be.

THE HABIT OF SPECIALIZATION—the fervor with which special lines of development are followed to the exclusion of all others—is harmful to general athletics. It is developing a comparatively few specialists of extraordinary skill in their respective fields, but lessening the general inclination for athletic endeavor, and lowering the average of athletic attainment among those whose skill and ambition do not rise to championship honors. Athletics, in other words, are to-day in the same condition as was football a half-dozen years ago, when, at the colleges, twenty-two men played the game, and the remainder of the college stood on the side-lines and watched them. Class matches and other excellent influences served to take a large number from the side-lines and put them on to the gridiron, so that nowadays the average of football skill and the number of men playing are greatly increased—to the betterment of the game, and to the physical well-being of the students. Everything that tends to promote development in these two very important directions should be encouraged, first, last, and at all times. They provide the life of the game and the sinews of competition. The "scrub" players, the men who knock the ball about on the college grounds, form the reserve, and awaken interest that the regular eleven, practising at some distance from the campus, might perhaps fail to arouse. And, best of it, they spread the glow and vigor of health, moral and physical.

THE AMERICAN TENDENCY TO CONCENTRATION makes for specialization and ulterior development along distinct lines, which is very good in so far as it does not hinder general participation in sport or narrow the field of endeavor. We need more games at our colleges and schools to provide a greater variety of play and give opportunity of play to a greater number of boys. It will invaluably increase the substitute material for 'varsity teams and lessen that intense—and, to my mind, harmful—concentration in any one sport. The more games we have, the more material there will be for representative teams, the higher the average quality of play, the more vigorous and healthful the tone of the sport and of the players. There should be association football, lacrosse, and 'cross-country running, games which at their highest development are surpassingly interesting, and yet games in which the unskilled may engage with pleasure and interest, and without danger of injury. For healthful development of wind and limb no games equal these three.

THE 'CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP the other day attested the keen interest the sport arouses even in its neglected condition, and also suggested the desirability of establishing an annual inter-collegiate event in addition to this regular one of the A. A. U. The Thanksgiving-day meeting practically resolved itself, so far as team honors were concerned, into a struggle between Yale and Cornell, but the sport requires more attention and encouragement from the colleges than it now receives, and the surest way of giving it is through the establishment of a separate and annual fixture. Preferably it should be held not later than the middle of October, and before all interest of the inter-collegiate world is centred upon football.

There were forty-one starters on Thanksgiving, and thirty-two finished the six and two-third miles laid off around and over the Morris Park race-track. It was a hard course with its forty-five jumps in the five circuits of the flags, including some stiff Liverpools, the great water-jump, and the usual three-foot-six-inch hurdles. Considering the day, with its hurricane of wind and cutting sleet, the running of all was excellent, and of the six leaders exceptionally good. Cregan, Wright, Orton, and Bray alternated in the lead for three-quarters of the first lap, but thereafter Wright took the lead and maintained it, finishing close on to three hundred yards ahead of Orton, who will be remembered as the winner of this championship last year and the year before. Bray, who finished second, is a Williams College boy, and a runner of much promise.

The team contest provided the more interesting struggle, since the result was always in doubt until the last half-mile. Barry and Sweet kept well to the front throughout, and the remainder of their collegemates were on fairly even terms with the best of Yale's representatives. But in the last circuit the Yale men, who had kept together marvellously well, raced for and secured the lead, finishing 10, 11, 12, 13, 19, while Cornell finished 4, 5, 14, 18, 27, with the same, though not as well-conditioned, team as had beaten Univ. of Penn.

The leaders and their times follow:

1—A. L. Wright	Brown	38.33
2—John Bray	Williams	39.00
3—George W. Orton	Toronto L. & A.A.	39.30
4—A. L. Barry	Cornell	39.32
5—A. J. Sweet	Cornell	39.38
6—T. O'Connor	Pastime A.C.	39.48
7—A. Grant	Pennsylvania	40.15
8—J. F. Cregan	N.Y.A.C.	40.17
9—J. McLean	N.W.S.A.C.	40.35
10—S. B. Chittenden	Yale	40.36
11—C. B. Spitzer	Yale	40.37
12—H. P. Smith	Yale	41.13
13—J. P. Adams	Yale	41.19
14—C. C. Torrance	Cornell	41.28
15—J. F. Malloy	Xavier A.C.	41.40
16—T. G. McGirr	N.Y.A.C.	41.57

Among the clubs, the New York A. C. took first honors, those running for it finishing 1, 2, 7, 8, and 16—points being apportioned according to positions of the men at the finish, only the leading five in each team counting.

THE BROWN-DARTMOUTH GAME (12-0) bore significantly on the relative standing of the teams which come from what we may call the smaller New England colleges. Three of these—Dartmouth, Amherst, and Williams—are members of a league, with an annual all-round contest, which Dartmouth has won for six consecutive years; the remaining two—Wesleyan and Brown—have no league affiliations, although that has not prevented their meeting the others as the opportunity offered. This year especial interest attached to the Brown-Dartmouth game because Dartmouth had overwhelmed Amherst and beaten Williams and lost to Wesleyan, while Brown had made a very fair showing against the larger university teams, but had not met Wesleyan. The place of Wesleyan and Brown in the year's classification was therefore largely to be determined by the play of Brown against Dartmouth—a very unsatisfactory method, but the only recourse, since these two, so near of a class, who should have an annual game, for some reason do not. Judging by her play against Dartmouth and comparative work against the same teams during the season, Brown has not so strong an eleven this year as Wesleyan, by one, if not by two, touch-downs. And that which figures most importantly in Wesleyan's favor is Brown's fumbling. If the Providence men could hold on to the ball, the difference between Brown and Wesleyan would, I think, be very slight.

THE FEATURE OF BROWN'S PLAY against Dartmouth was unquestionably half-back Richardson's brilliant running, not only on caught punts, but around the ends and into the line; at the same time, his own kicking was very fair. Perhaps his occasional fumbling may be forgiven, although that fatal characteristic of the Brown team turned out to be a costly one. In the matter of fumbling, by-the-way, the past season seems to me to have been the most remarkable I have known. Brown's work in the first half was not reassuring. She not only failed to score, but seemed unlikely to do so by the frequency with which she lost more or less certain chances, by fumbling, at the critical moment. Dartmouth, on the other hand, except for one period at the close of the second half, when she worked the ball to Brown's fifteen-yard line, could make no substantial or steady gains running, and from the very beginning relied on the punting of Proctor, who, all things considered, did very well. Certainly he was of great service to his team, although his good work was neutralized by Dartmouth's poor ends, who cut practically no figure at all in checking Brown's running-back kicks. Almost without exception Richardson ran back, from fifteen to thirty yards, every one he caught of Proctor's punts, and while in the first half Dartmouth was saved heavier defeat by Brown's fumbling and loose play, in the second the repeated running back of punts, and fierce line-bucking, completely outweighed what there was of value in Dartmouth's defence.

BROWN PLAYED MUCH MORE STRONGLY and much more together in the second half, although Richardson's individual work was responsible for both touch-downs and both goals, a clever forty-five-yard run by Paine giving Richardson but fifteen yards to carry the ball for the second score. Individually Brown played well; Richardson, Paine, Murphy, and Wheeler doing excellent running with the ball; the quarter-back ran his team with good judgment, and the line men were acceptable. As a team, defensively its work was rather good, but offensively success lay more in the quality of the runner than in either the quantity or the quality of support given him.

Dartmouth was outplayed at every point except in punting, of which Brown did very little, relying solely on a running game; but Brown's play was not good enough to keep her out of about ninth place on the Eastern list of football positions this year. We hope next year to see a game between Wesleyan and Brown.

SPEAKING OF DARTMOUTH FOOTBALL reminds me of the long Western trip the team has just completed, and the thoughts it suggests. We have grown accustomed to the wanderings of the Carlisle Indian team during the football season, and if we have wondered when the men found time for study, we, or at least I, have thought that perhaps the vigorous play of the game, the association with college men, the contact with the outside world, were, in their way, valuable education to these red men. We have also become accustomed to occasional visits of teams from out of the West, more particularly from Chicago. It is no doubt excellent for the men, for the game and for the institutions which support it, that there should be trials now and again between teams of different sections; but they should invariably be arranged so that college work is not unusually interrupted, and should never be made the excuse for a tour. When the Chicago Athletic Club team comes East for a tour of the colleges, relying on the gate to reimburse the cost of the trip, no one is surprised, for that is the way of the Chicago and a majority of the other athletic clubs. We are surprised, however, when a college faculty permits its football team to follow the example of the athletic clubs, and especially of one with so little consideration for the health of amateur sport.

Dartmouth's trip to Cincinnati and Chicago, where she was soundly trounced, should rightfully professionalize every man on the team. That the trip was a flat failure at the gate (financially) and on the playing-field is just retribution. By rights the deficit ought to be made up by the faculty members, whose indifference to the ethics of college sport made the Western trip possible.

THE PLAY OF ANNAPOLIS THIS YEAR has shown the need for arranging future schedules of harder games; or perhaps I should better express it by saying—with teams playing a higher grade of football than those which the cadets have met. This is entirely irrespective of what the scores have been or whether Annapolis has won or lost.

As a team, the cadets were quick, hard players, but poor in the kicking game, and lacking in the finer points of football which come from plenty of individual coaching and practising, and frequent contact with big teams that are drilled in these particulars. Abundant individual coaching it is impossible, of course, for the Annapolis cadets to receive. First, because they have not yet established the graduate coaching system as West Point has done, and must depend therefore on one coach, who this year has been Richard Armstrong, than whom there is none better; and besides, their geographical position appears to prevent their meeting any of the larger elevens, save Princeton.

There is no doubt Annapolis labors under greater disadvantages than West Point, the number of men in the Academy being nearly one hundred less and the average age rarely exceeding eighteen years. In weight the line this year averaged 166 and the backs 150 pounds. Despite these handicaps, however, Annapolis each year sets to work with characteristic determination. The quality of that spirit is illustrated by the schedule of the last two years, which shows Princeton to have been the only team to defeat them. This year's team is the strongest Annapolis has had for several seasons, and it is therefore the more to be regretted permission for a game with West Point was withheld. I expect to see permission granted for a game next year, however.

SEVEN OF THE 'VARSITY CADETS had one or more years' experience. Wortman is fast, aggressive, and holds his own with any centre he has met. Fischer has been laid up all autumn with injuries, and unable to show his true form. Nichols played his first year, and is promising. Royall was also in his first year, is slow, yet thoroughly sure on end runs, but poor in getting down the field under kicks. Halligan learned his game from the mighty Heffelfinger, and has more than held his own, even against the big elevens. He is quick, aggressive, and a good ground-gainer. Bisset has developed rapidly this season—is indeed a sure, hard player—and carries the ball well. Jackson is slow and erratic, though capable, on occasions, of playing a good game. Taussig is fast, good driver and runner, and sure and hard tackler, but is weak on handling punts. Gannon is a valuable man to a team, steadying the backs and helping the runners; is a good tackler and very strong on the defensive, but poor on handling punts, and is not very sure on offensive work. Fowler is a light but a fast runner and a good tackler. He also is weak on punts. Wade is a sure short-distance gainer and long punter and hard tackler. The best all-round men of the team are Halligan, Taussig, and Fowler. The weakness of the eleven in the kicking department was due particularly to inability of the ends to get down under the ball. In the present-day development of the game, needless to say that particular weakness would prove costly, and especially so against West Point, which was very strong in the kicking department.

THERE WERE HALF A DOZEN LOCAL MEN among the sixteen survivors of the medal round at Lakewood last week, and it is reasonable to infer that their more intimate knowledge of the course was of material advantage in enabling them to finish ahead of veterans like Tyng and Park. At any sport a man is supposed to do his best when in his own country, and in this respect golf bears a close analogy to 'cross-country riding. No matter how plain the problem may look on paper, its solution, nevertheless, depends upon a knowledge of detail that only actual experience can give. The exact quality of the turf, the relative keenness of the putting-greens, and even the requisite carry for the hazards must all be learned by the sense of touch, and up to a certain point the home player necessarily has this advantage over the visiting one.

The fact that Douglas not only led all the field by a wide margin, but established a new amateur record for the course, is but the exception that proves the rule; his brilliant performance goes again to show that, among Eastern golfers at least, the champion stands in a class by himself.

IT MUST BE ADMITTED, however, that the scoring game under the severe weather conditions that prevailed on Thanksgiving day is more or less tinctured by pure luck. After a long tee shot, it is discouraging to find the ball half buried in mud, when in ordinary weather it would have run on for thirty yards farther and rested in a fair lie for the brassey. Perhaps the approach shot may be brought off with unaccustomed accuracy through the ball's dropping dead, but this one advantage is pretty sure to be lost on the soggy greens. Under the circumstances the qualifying figures were good, and if Tyng failed to get in, it was simply because his score was too often at sixes and sevens.

Evidently there is a time for all things, even for golf, and the vagaries of our Northern winter climate are heavier odds than any official handicapper would dare to give. The dismal spectacle presented two or three weeks ago at Baltusrol, when a dozen professionals and a quartet of amateurs wallowed all day in a quagmire while the rain came down in sheets, may be taken as satisfying evidence of sportsmanship, but the interests of golf would have been better served by a postponement. And, *a fortiori*, golf under snow rules is, properly speaking, only an amusement, and one which, more often than not, must be taken sadly. The Morris County and Richmond Hill golfers are sensible in closing their courses for the mid-winter months. The links assuredly profit by the rest, and the game itself is the more enjoyed for being played only in its regular season and under normal conditions.

OUTSIDE OF TYNG'S FAILURE TO QUALIFY, and young Winston's creditable showing, there were but few interesting features in the tournament. Tyng has not made a brilliant record in this year's golf, but it is unfair to say that he has gone back in his game. The truth is that the general standard has been advanced, and that Tyng, handicapped by his late entrance into the golfing world, has reached and stopped at his limit. If he had been playing golf twenty years ago, instead of baseball, he might have won its highest honors, for he possesses many of the qualities of the really great player. Up to this year his "get there" powers have kept him well up among the leaders, and if he must yield now, it is simply because the younger generation are beginning to display mastery in the finer points of the game that can only be acquired in youth and suppleness.

Douglas and Travis were picked to meet in the finals, and the conclusion was foregone. The final round in the driving snow soon became such a farce that the contestants sensibly called it off, and it is to be settled at some later date—during the holidays, I hear.

Middle Western football and the All-America eleven will be discussed next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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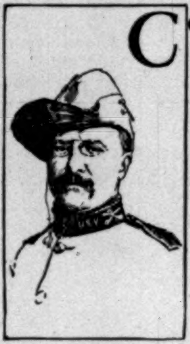

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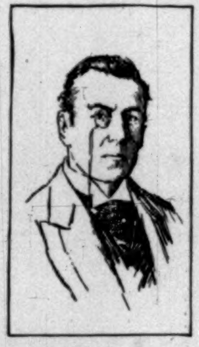

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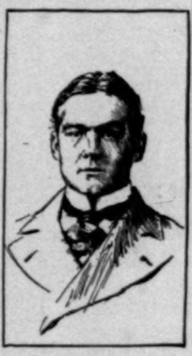

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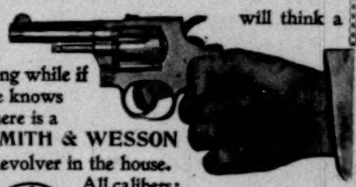

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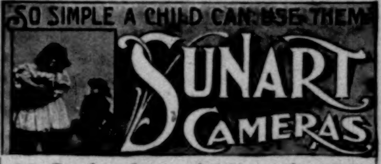

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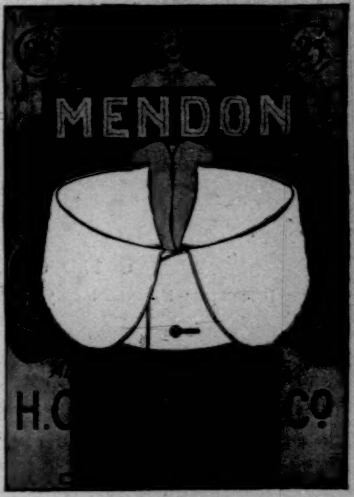

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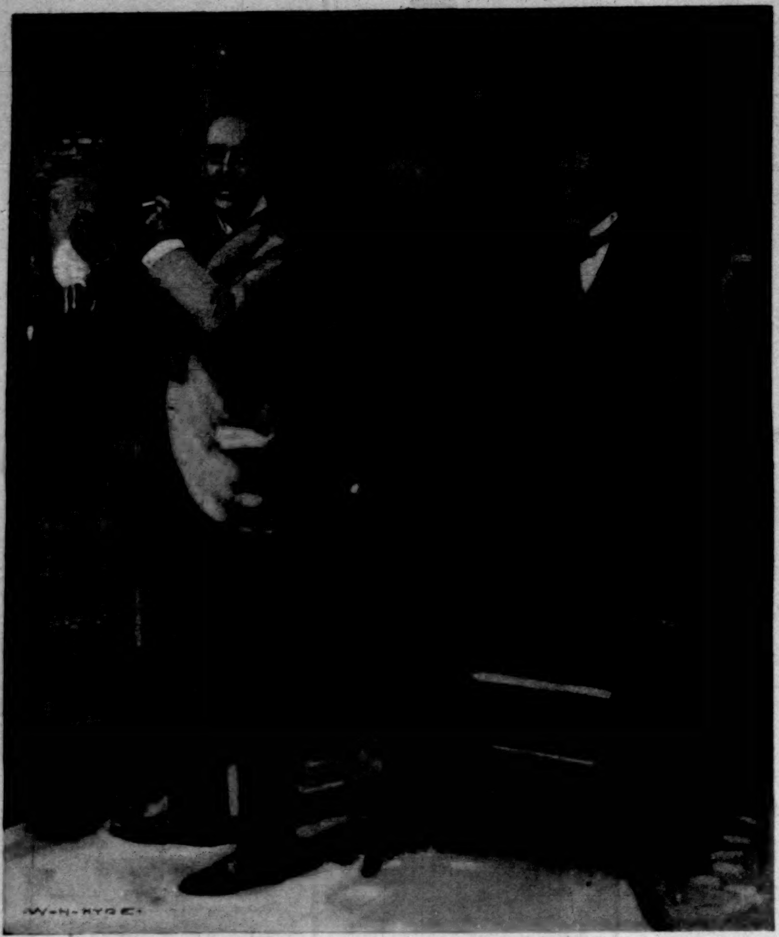

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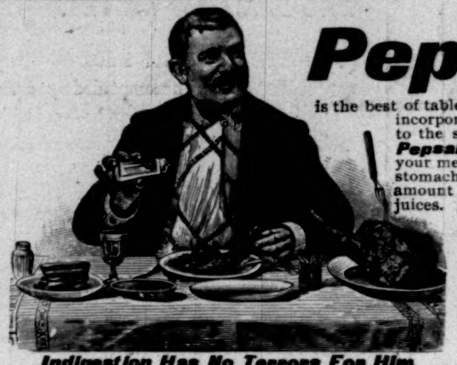
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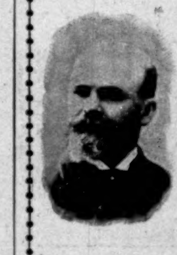

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